WINGS OF SUNSET

By INA COOLBRITH

'An amazing posthumous volume, amazing because unlike most posthumous volumes it contains some of the rarest jewels from its author's pen.'—*Carlton Kendall, in the Overland Monthly.*

By the author of 'A Perfect Day and Other Poems,' 'The Singer of the Sea,' 'Songs from the Golden Gate.'

With an Introductory Memoir by Charles Phillips, Department of English, University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

$2.50

WINGS OF SUNSET

by

Ina Coolbrith

THIS noteworthy volume of poems by the late Ina Coolbrith, who died at Berkeley, California, February 29, 1928, at the age of eighty-seven years, comprises her principal work since the publication of her 'Songs from the Golden Gate,' the sixth edition of which was issued in 1895.

Wings of Sunset

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WINGS OF SUNSET

BY

INA COOLBRITH
Author of 'Songs from the Golden Gate'

With a Memoir

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1929

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TO THE BOY
CARL
WHOSE SONG
BEGUN ON EARTH
IS FINISHED IN HEAVEN

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NOTE

TWELVE of the one hundred and sixteen poems included in this volume originally appeared in *Songs from the Golden Gate*, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in 1895.

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MEMOIR

I

THE figure of Ina Coolbrith is unique in American literature. Her long life of eighty-seven years spanned a large part of the history of our country, and specifically was comprised in a very definite chapter in our literary history. Singing with a strong and vibrant voice in the present moment of the twentieth century, she echoed nevertheless a strain out of the past, out of a century gone by, a strain which is unmistakable in her poetry: it is the strain of clear, pure utterance based in conscious devotion to the muse as a sacred thing. In the fullest sense of the word, Ina Coolbrith was an artist. The true artist, the true poet, accepts his gift as God-given and uses it delicately, carefully, purposefully, as a medium of human expression which shall lift up the hearts of hearers with something of the same exaltation that brings it into existence.

The present collection, made up from poems hitherto unpublished, along with certain selec-

tions from Miss Coolbrith's 'Songs from the Golden Gate,' is, as all collections of true poetry must be, a spiritual autobiography; and it is likewise a manifestation of the powers and gifts which this poet possessed. The spirit and merits of all of her writings are self-manifest. And this is not only as it ought to be, but it is as she herself felt all her life that it should be. No poet of our time ever guarded more carefully against personal exploitation, ever insisted more vigorously and indeflectably on the poet standing alone on the merits of his verse, than Ina Coolbrith. A striking example of this is found in the inclusion, without word of comment, of 'With a Wreath of Laurel' in 'Songs from the Golden Gate.' That poem, 'With a Wreath of Laurel,' had a story back of it which would have given it, even were it far less beautiful and impressive than it is, a very special significance. It is a poem which marks a real event in literary history. Nevertheless, Miss Coolbrith published it for itself alone, on its merits as a lyric poem, without any appeal to what she might have considered extraneous interest. Joaquin Miller,

writing of Miss Coolbrith's well-known diffidence in this regard, told of an interview she once had with an Eastern newspaper reporter who had called on her for the 'story of her life.' As soon as she found what was going on, she calmly arose, turned to a bookshelf, and took up a thin book of poems, laid it on the table before the eyes of the astonished interrogation point, and said, 'That is all.'

Because, then, the poetry of Ina Coolbrith is its own commentary, and because it was her own belief that thus it should always be with the poet and his song, no detailed comment on her writing, critical or appreciative, is offered here. But because her poetry is likewise intensely personal and autobiographical, some account of her life is here given, the better to illuminate her contribution to American song.

II

The career and the personality of Ina Coolbrith were so entirely and peculiarly American that they make a most interesting study. New England was in her; the Mid-West of pioneer

days; the plains of the Far West, the West of the overland trail, of the covered wagon, and of the gold fields. And at the same time there was in her the culture of the East, of New York and Boston; of the West, of the California of the Golden Era; and of Europe — the Europe of Tennyson and the Rossettis, of George Meredith, and even of Byron — for her remarkable story touched even on Byron, and through him on Greece, and even as far as the folk-song regions of Roumania. Carmen Sylva, the queen poet of Roumania, was one of her friends. The grave of Byron at Hucknall Torkard was restored through her agency. Of that chapter in her story, more later.

Born of pure-bred New England stock of English and Scotch origin, which had been in America for three hundred years, which had migrated from the rocky coasts of Maine and Massachusetts to the prairies of Illinois, and which had played its part in the building of the Middle West; seeing the light of day first at Nauvoo, Illinois; then having St. Louis, in the years before the Civil War, for a home; crossing the continent in the vanguard of the Forty-

Niners, the most picturesque group of adventurers since the Argonauts set sail for the Golden Fleece; and eventually becoming an integral factor in the formative life of the Western Coast and a figure in the literary life of the country — Ina Coolbrith's life thus reached from sea to sea and embraced in an amazing manner the whole story of the making of America, the fusing of the East and West into one.

She was the first white child to enter California by way of the Beckwourth Pass, over which the Western Pacific later made its trail across the Sierras; and she made that memorable journey, a dark-haired, gray-eyed child, perched up in front of the saddle of the famous scout and White Chief of the Crow Indians, Jim Beckwourth himself, who had put her there so that she should indeed be first, ahead even of him. That chapter of her story is as thrilling as any Wild West tale. The tremendous adventure of crossing the plains in ox-drawn prairie schooners; the camp-fire by the trail; the ambush of hostile Indians; the crossing of the turbulent waters of the Platte

River, where the wagons had to be taken over on rafts; the stampede of the oxen; threatened death from thirst; the rescue by Nevada, the friendly old Indian guide of the Shoshone Desert, who wisely unharnessed the horses and oxen and turned the cattle loose when they were almost crazed for drink, in order that they might by their unerring animal instinct lead their human fellow sufferers to the water which no man could discover; these are but a few of the incidents of that period of the poet's story. And always in the center of the picture one sees the gray-eyed, dark-haired little girl who was destined in later years, through her poetry, to lead many to other heights, across other and more difficult passes of conquest and achievement, to other waters, to the springs of spiritual refreshment that rise in the fountains of her song.

After the thrilling adventure of crossing the plains came the life of California's mining camps in the days of the gold rush. Thus Ina Coolbrith was, as Joaquin Miller once wrote of her, 'cradled in the camp amid the stormy splendor and savage glory of the Rocky Mountains.' There were adventures, literally, by

fire, plague, and flood; one migration after another, on foot and by pack-mule; a long, snow-bound winter siege in the mountains when starvation threatened the family; change after change and struggle after struggle, all leading eventually to the orange groves and palm-fanned airs of Southern California.

At the age of eleven, Ina Coolbrith's first verses were published in Los Angeles. School days and days of school teaching followed, and always a steady growth of the young poet's powers until before she was twenty, when 'The Overland Monthly' was founded, she was discovered among the actual makers of American literature, a co-laborer with Bret Harte, who brought to the young girl, for her reading and endorsement, his most famous tales and verses, among them 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' in the days when his writings made a sensation around the world. It is to Ina Coolbrith, in fact, that the world owes this American classic, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' for it was her deciding vote that urged Harte to publish it when it was held up by the publisher of 'The Overland' as questionable. Thus she

was a real collaborator of Harte, as she was the favorite comrade of Stoddard, the poet of the South Seas, who heartily proclaimed her genius; the companion and queen, in fact, of all the bright galaxy of California's golden days of song and letters. Her home, as described by Stoddard (she is one of the veiled characters in his novel, 'For the Pleasure of His Company'), was a veritable salon, the meeting-place of the famous men and women of the time.

All this was back in 1870, when fame had begun to smile on young Ina Coolbrith. Her poems were becoming widely read; out of the Far West her name was making itself known in the East. She was one poet, Stoddard once told me, whose contributions were never rejected by the editors. England acclaimed her; London made her a member of its Society of Authors and Journalists; George Meredith placed her among 'the foremost of your lyric writers,' declared 'she has genius,' named her 'one of the very few lyric writers that has impressed me,' and invited her to come to England; Whittier became her friend and champion. When he published his anthology, 'Songs of

Three Centuries,' her poem, 'When the Grass Shall Cover Me,' was included in it anonymously and praised by the Quaker poet, who knew nothing then of its authorship. It was thus, in fact, when her identity was disclosed, that she came to know Whittier personally.

III

During these years Miss Coolbrith made her living as a librarian, and it was in these days that she discovered Jack London, whose literary guardian she was in his schoolboy days in Oakland, California. Isadora Duncan in her autobiography, 'My Life,' paid a beautiful tribute to the Ina Coolbrith of this period: 'There was a public library in Oakland, where we then lived, but no matter how many miles we were from it, I ran or danced or skipped there and back. The librarian was a very wonderful and beautiful woman, a poetess of California, Ina Coolbrith. She encouraged my reading and I thought she always looked pleased when I asked for fine books. She had very beautiful eyes that glowed with burning fire and passion.'

During her long life she mothered many in a literary way as she did Isadora Duncan and Jack London. Jack London used to come to her for books at the Oakland Public Library, and from her he doubtless gained his first taste for good reading. And Isadora Duncan and Jack London are but two of an almost innumerable host of artists, writers, poets, known and unknown, who have owed their beginnings or their most lasting inspiration to this strong, kind, silent woman whose 'very beautiful eyes . . . glowed with burning fire and passion' — a fire and a passion which hardship, wearying toil, disappointment, even poverty, could not dim nor silence, as long as the gift of song was hers.

Thus for years she toiled on, singing at her toil, tragedy and self-denial only sweetening and strengthening her song; for there was self-denial too, as when, early in her career, the care of her mother and other family obligations kept her from Europe and the fame that the outer world offered her. Even the terrible tragedy of the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, which destroyed her home and ruined her financially, wrung from her no note of bitter-

ness, but only a firmer, clearer voicing of the invincible beauty of her soul. In San Francisco that home of hers, wrecked by the catastrophe, was for many years the center of the literary life of the Pacific Coast, and the rendezvous for all the writers, artists, and musicians who traveled to the City by the Golden Gate. Ina Coolbrith's home, as a matter of fact, remained for more than half a century a pivotal center of artistic interest and endeavor in the West. Wherever she might be, indeed, whether in her Oakland home of the earlier library years, by her fireside on Russian Hill in San Francisco, sojourning in New York City (where she spent several years of her later life), or in her last earthly home in Berkeley; — wherever Ina Coolbrith was, poets, singers, artists, gathered around her as around a magnet, as children around a beautiful good mother. The memory of those gatherings, made happy by a common interest, enriched by Ina Coolbrith's kindly wisdom and brightened by her quiet wit, lives in the hearts of scores of men and women. Of her old San Francisco home Stoddard once wrote these happy reminiscent lines:

'There was always a kind of twilight in that place, and a faint odor of fresh violets, and an atmosphere of peace. It was a "Poet's Corner" in a city which was more poetical than it is now, and far more poetical than it will ever be again. There were little Parian busts on the mantel, and delightful pictures upon the wall, and rich volumes with autograph inscriptions everywhere. The exquisite atmosphere of the small salon — it was a salon in the best sense of the word — was most attractive. Here Bret Harte chatted with the hostess over the table of contents of the forthcoming "Overland Monthly"; here the genial "John Paul" (Charles H. Webb) discussed the prospects of his "Californian," and here Joaquin Miller, fresh from the glorious fields of Oregon, his earnest eyes fixed on London, met the gracious lady who was the pearl of her tribe. Joaquin murmured under his breath as he entered the room and beheld her for the first time:

> "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair."'

A handsome woman, striking in appearance, tall, stately, and gracious, her dark brown hair

in her later years showing silvery from under the lace of the soft Spanish *rebosa* which she had worn ever since the days when she would open the ball on the arm of Don Pio Pico, first governor of California; a leader among women and worshiped by all who knew her, she reigned, as Edmund Clarence Stedman called her, 'the Sappho of the Western Sea.' Annually hundreds of the school children of San Francisco gathered under her windows and saluted her with a chorus of song — her own poems set to music — bringing to her at the same time armfuls of flowers with which they literally showered her as they sang 'In Blossom Time.' At Christmas in 1927, while I was visiting her, I saw a group of school children gathered around her to recite some of her poems to her and to have her read her latest poem, written in honor of Saint Francis of Assisi and of the jubilee of the City of San Francisco — a vigorous illuminated piece of writing which it was almost impossible to believe came from the pen of an octogenarian. Her physical powers were, indeed, as remarkable as her mental gifts. During her last years she made so many continen-

tal trips between San Francisco and New York that it was once jocularly said of her that she 'commuted' between the two cities of the Pacific and Atlantic Coasts.

IV

The great crisis of Ina Coolbrith's life came in 1906 when earthquake and fire left her stripped of home, possessions, everything. Her loss in that catastrophe was irreparable; the papers and treasures of literary and artistic value which were destroyed with her home, trophies of many years' fellowship with the great men and women of her time, could not be replaced — letters from Tennyson, the Rossettis, Meredith, the queen poet of Roumania, Stedman, Stoddard, Twain, Whittier, Longfellow. But great as was her personal loss, greater still was the loss to America and especially to Californian literature; for, after years of preparation, she had almost ready for publication a history of Western letters that would have been a priceless contribution to the annals of American writing. Out of this tragedy came, however, some compensa-

tion in the form of a tribute paid her by her fellow artists, who aided her in making a new hearthside, in putting a new roof over her beloved and reverenced head.

In 1915, during the Panama Pacific Exposition, a further tribute came to her; the State Legislature named her by acclamation 'Loved Laurel-Crowned Poet of California' — the first time in the history of America that the honor of laureateship was given to man or woman. In concrete form this honor was publicly conferred on her when, during the International Congress of Authors and Journalists, June 30, 1915, Miss Coolbrith was formally crowned with laurel by the President of the State University, in the manner of the Greeks of old. This coronation, unique in American literary history, signalized more, however, than the achieving of an exalted position among the artists of the world by this Californian poet. It was the fitting culmination of one of the most arduous and exacting tasks ever undertaken by an American writer — the organizing of the International Congress of Authors and Journalists. Nations great and small, around the

world, participated in this imposing convocation; lectures and conferences, the reading and discussion of dissertations dealing with every branch of the writer's art, made up its programmes. For four years, laboring with a correspondence which reached every country in the universe, sending out over four thousand letters to the authors and journalists of the world, Ina Coolbrith worked at the organization of this great Congress. As a demonstration of her powers of leadership, of the universal scope of her interest, and of the remarkable strength of her mind and body at a time when she had already passed the allotted years, the instituting and carrying out of this Congress stands as a luminous page in the story of Ina Coolbrith's life.

V

In the long life of this richly endowed woman, whose exquisite spirit and unmatchable vigor are vividly contained in her poetry, no incident, however, is of more unique interest, or of more revealing significance, than that which lies back of her poem 'With a Wreath of Laurel.' This

lyric, as I have already remarked, makes in itself a chapter in the history of literature. It was the writing of this poem which brought about the restoration of the long-neglected grave of Byron at Hucknall Torkard — and incidentally precipitated an international literary controversy which was not equaled even in 1924 when the removal of Lord Byron's dust to Westminster Abbey was proposed on the occasion of his centenary.

It was always difficult to get Miss Coolbrith to talk about such things as this 'Byron incident.' She had inherited a good deal of the reticence of her strong Puritan ancestors. They showed, those New England progenitors of hers, in her stature, in her finely balanced nature, in her dignity of person; but most of all in her disinclination to talk. She never could make 'small talk'; but she could make the talk of wisdom and wit, and there was always a good deal of canny old New England and of Scotch in her utterance. On those occasions, however, when she was moved to recollection, there was rich reward for the hearer. It was on the day of Joaquin Miller's funeral

that she told me the story of how she had conceived the idea of sending her tribute to Byron's grave. Neither she nor Miller, of course, had any thought of precipitating a controversy.

She knew that Miller was going to England. So, one day shortly before his departure, saying nothing to any one — and that was like her, surely — she took the ferry across the bay to Sausalito, and walked up the slopes of Mount Tamalpais, through Muir Wood, until she found a laurel thicket to suit her need. All alone there she gathered her laurel branches. . . and one can well imagine what her thoughts and reflections were as she did so. The first strains of her soon-to-be-famous poem to Byron were already coming to her.

She brought her armful of laurel home; she sat down quietly and made her wreath. Then she wrote. A day or two later, when Miller departed, he carried with him a box in which the wreath was packed, and with it the verses, which appear in this volume.

Miller took the wreath and the poem to England; he placed them upon Byron's grave,

weed-grown and hidden in the ruins of the old Norman church at Hucknall Torkard. What followed is a piece of literary history. The Vicar at Hucknall Torkard protested against this honor being paid to Byron's dust. Byron, he could not forget, was indeed that invincible genius described in our day by the Polish novelist Reymont as one who 'slapped England's face with masterpieces.' All the bitter abuse of the old Byron controversy was revived. A clerical battle was fought which went finally to the Bishop of Norwich for arbitrament. The Bishop of Norwich not only championed the far-off American poet, but sent to the King of Greece for another laurel wreath, which was placed by the side of Ina Coolbrith's wreath; and there those two mute tributes, from lands as far separated as ancient Greece and modern California are sundered by time, hung together over the long-neglected dust of the fiery Gordon.

But the tribute did not end in withering wreaths of laurel. King and Bishop, open partisans of the Californian poet, subscribed funds for the preservation of Byron's grave.

Other funds poured in, and the five-hundred-year-old Church, that still shelters the bones of the unhappy poet, was eventually restored to some of its ancient beauty. What strange irony, and what a curious turn of events, that it should be a modest woman, singing her songs in a far land and by a distant sea, that should give the lordly Gordon the honor so long denied him in death! Yet, it seems fitting enough. The laurel woods of California, the blue waters of the Pacific, are as like the Greece that Byron loved as any other place on earth can be. And the woman, the poet, was — as Stedman called her — a true Sappho.

Thus, with one note of her singing voice, with one stroke of her hand on the lyre of her modest muse, Ina Coolbrith turned a whole cycle of time. In that cycle there was sunny Greece and there was warm-hearted Sappho; and then there was Byron, the fire of Greece incarnate. There was cold New England of the Puritans, the prairies of Illinois, the westward trek of the pioneers, the covered wagon and the overland trail. And again there was sunlight, and mountain laurel, and a smiling sea. . . and there was

another Sappho; and Greece, and Byron again. And yet this rounded-out story is American from beginning to end, and it is all comprehended in the life of one American woman — the East and the West and all that goes between; the North and the South; the wilderness and the building of a civilization; the old and the new, even down to the ancient roots of the oldest of the Old World, and even unto the last word of the new in the New World of California.

'Let us thank God for the Victorians,' says Professor Derrick Lehmer, of the University of California. When Ina Coolbrith died, the last of the Victorians passed from the scene of modern letters. She was a true Victorian; and despite the fact that at the moment it is the fashion in some circles to dismiss the Victorian Age and all that it signifies with a jazzy shrug, this title, 'Victorian,' remains one of Ina Coolbrith's best-merited and most honorable titles. There is in her poetry a sound, firm note, a note of permanence which is truly Victorian, and which sets off her song from the evanescent as music is set off from clamor and noise. This, as I see, read, and hear Ina Coolbrith's poetry, is

its special characteristic. It is in this particular characteristic, so far as art is concerned, that it proffers its claim for the regard of the critic and the lover of song. And above her art, her craftsmanship, rises the beautiful emanation of her God-loving, God-believing spirit.

VI

And now, when we know something of the story of this poet, briefly as that story is set forth in these pages written by a friend and debtor who aims, as she would wish, to speak of her and her work with detachment, in a quiet voice: now, knowing something of her story, we can turn to her verses and hear the more surely, perhaps, her own strong, quiet voice. The arrangement of a collection of verse, left by the poet's hand before that hand could set them in due order, is a difficult task. To make clear my design and purpose in the present arrangement, I can do no better, I feel, than give some passages from the letter with which I transmitted to Miss Coolbrith's niece, Mrs. Ina Lillian Cook, the completed manuscript of this book. With Mrs. Cook's permission I re-

address these passages now to the readers of this volume:

First, the exclusively local Californian poems are grouped together at the opening of the book; and there are very carefully arranged for sequence of thought and feeling. This group is sub-titled 'Listening Back,' after the concluding poem of the group — for that concluding poem might be, indeed, Ina Coolbrith speaking now in a wistful moment — 'listening back.'

This group is followed by the nature lyrics, which are at once of Californian and of universal interest. The second group is, in fact, an expansion and development of the idea and theme of the first. And this group is called 'From Living Waters,' after the concluding poem; and this concluding poem, once more, is Ina Coolbrith's definitive message concerning the beauties of nature, the flowers, the birds, the waters, the woods.

The third group follows in an order set according to the supposition that by this time the reader has grown acquainted with the poet — knows the poet's mind and moods, and is ready to hear her tell a story. 'Friends and

Lovers' is the title of the third group; and this title, I feel, comprehends all that are included in the group — 'Concha's' story, 'Calla' and others.

The fourth group grows still more personal. If the poet has now set her scene, sung her lyrics of the woods and flowers, and told some stories of friends and lovers, now the reader moves the more easily into the more intimate field of 'Poet's Kin' — by which is meant the poet seen as poet among her brother and sister artists. This group very readily includes tributes to others and poems relating to the poet's place in life.

In the fifth group, then, the poet takes her stand as seer — as philosopher and thinker as well as singer. And here, out of the very nature of things, the religious poems belong. They are mostly in the mood of the watcher of the skies who seeks and finds the light. Hence the title of the group: 'The Night Watches.'

By now, the figure of the poet is clearly etched — outstanding, vivid, real, alive. Hence comes, next, the record of the two most vital experiences of the poet — Love and Death.

The arrangement is carefully gradated, with very delicate emphasis on the growing theme. And so the finale comes, after the triumphant note of 'Came to My Side' — the inevitable human note of this beautifully human, never abstracted, and always deeply heart feeling poet — 'When the Grass Shall Cover Me.'

VII

The publication of this volume is due to the interest and devotion of relatives and of a group of writers and lovers of literature who aim thus fittingly to perpetuate the work and name of Ina Coolbrith. But in this publication they unquestionably do much more than this: they make a real contribution to American and especially to Californian poetry. They feel that Ina Coolbrith lives. Though she sang of Byron —

> . . . the sad heart is dust, and dust
> The beautiful, sad face,

no one who knew Ina Coolbrith can ever think of her save as a living force. The breath of the sea, of laurel groves freshened by winds from the sea, the breath of the violets of Sappho,

exhales from her ever youthful name; in the memory of her eyes shines the undimmed light of Christian aspiration and fortitude. To her 'spirit undefiled' life still 'makes answer as a little child.' As she once sang of 'The Poet,' so now, in paraphrase, may it be said of her:

> She walks with God upon the hills
> And sees, each morn, the world arise
> New bathed in light of paradise. . .
> Unveiled before His eyes she stands
> And gives her secrets to His hands.

Many of those secrets, we, here in this volume, are privileged to know. With George Sterling, and in his own words, we can address her now as one whose

> . . . art's high dream
> Has pictured earth so fair,
> We well could deem
> That Shelley's skylark waits
> Near heavenly gates
> His lyric sister there.'

CHARLES PHILLIPS

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
July 24, 1929

WINGS OF SUNSET

I : Listening Back

WINGS OF SUNSET

THE VISION OF SAINT FRANCIS

Francis d'Assisi, gentlest Saint of Saints,
Within his garden where the roses grew
That knew no thorn, slept from a weariness
Of overtoil, lulled by the minstrelsy
Of leaf and bird; and thereto, as he slept,
From out the jungle-side a leopard crept
And at his feet crouched in soft-purring guard:
For all things loved Saint Francis — giving love
To all things — with a heart clean of all ill.
Sleeping, he dreamed a strange and wondrous dream
Of strange and wondrous seas, strange, wondrous shores,
And length of strange and wondrous wanderings
That burdened not; light labor, footways light,
And even pain an ecstasy, for borne

For love of the dear Lord's, the Saviour's sake.
And with him walked a Fellowship of Love,
Unsandaled, bare of brow, gray-garmented —
The humble garb he knew since the far day
He doffed his princely robing for the vow
Of toil and serviture and poverty.
And in the spaces which his footsteps trod
One Land there was of a great loveliness,
With mountain-summits white with trackless snow —
The living temples builded unto God —
And mighty forest trees that sought the skies —
Such dazzling skies! beloved of the Sun!
And O, to the Gray Brotherhood how dear
The Land, responding with what bloom —
Whose white walls rose to worship, and who gave
Their God unto its savage untaught Race.
One space was there where a great crystal lay —
A jewel set within a rim of gold —
Whose waters leaped and sparkled, laughed and sang
To its great City of the Seven Hills —
And lo! the City bore Saint Francis' name! . . .

The Saint awoke, and trembling, turned to
prayer:
'Ah! blessed Christ,' he sought, 'what is my
fault
That even in a dream such pride be mine?
I seek no honor save Thy will to serve.
If this Thy will, yet grant me this alone,
That unto Thee I may reconsecrate.'

And long years passed, and the great City grew
Of all the earth the queenliest and most fair;
Leading in knowledge as all knowledge grew:
Teaching all truth as Truth was given to Man;
Aye, beautiful upon the hills and free,
To God, to Christ, divinely consecrate!

PORTOLÁ SPEAKS

I HAVE dreamed of San Francisco all the way —
Francis d'Assisi! Seeking Monterey,
That hides itself among these strangenesses —
Leading now here, now there — to dizzy height
That challenges the very stars of night —
Then drops to jungled vale,
Or cañoned rocks — till fail
My men and beasts alike in utter stress,
Through weary miles and miles
And days of tears and smiles,
While still my sapphire of the ocean lies
Lost to my seeking eyes.

And, Pedro, it is surely strange that he,
Saint Francis, seems to be
Thus ever in my sight.
Nay, scarcely that, at night,
But vision only; and by day
A frail, slight form in gray,
That ever leads the way. . .
That 'leads the way,' nay, I myself have said;
Is it not his to lead still. having led?

My patron saint, you know, because he knew
Such love for all things living. Never grew
On this old earth aught that bore not its part
In his great heart;
And in return
His every rose blossomed without a thorn,
And birds and branches sung,
And the dumb creatures found for him a tongue.

Dios! What strange new glory this that breaks
Upon the vision as the morning wakes,
And the thick mist rolls back
From camp and track?
What jeweled radiance singing to our feet
While sound and color meet?
And look! The Golden Door
Out to the Ocean floor!. . .
Francis d'Assisi! This, aye this to thee,
This magic inner Sea!
O Bay of San Francisco, thou, his own —
Save God's alone!

TO SAN FRANCISCO

Fair on your hills, my City,
Fair as the Queen of old,
Supreme in her seven-hilled splendor —
You, from your Gate of Gold,
Facing the orient sunburst,
Swathed in the sunset gleams,
Throned in an ultimate glory,
City of mists and of dreams!

SAN FRANCISCO

April 18, 1906[1]

In olden days, a child, I trod thy sands,
Thy sands unbuilded, rank with brush and briar
And blossom — chased the sea-foam on thy strands,
Young City of my love and my desire.

I saw thy barren hills against the skies,
I saw them topped with minaret and spire;
Wall upon wall thy myriad mansions rise,
Fair City of my love and my desire.

With thee the Orient touched heart and hands,
The world-wide argosies lay at thy feet;
Queen of the queenliest land of all the lands —
Our sunset glory, regal, glad and sweet!

I saw thee in thine anguish tortured! prone!
Rent with the earth-throes, garmented in fire!

[1] Date of the great earthquake and fire which devastated San Francisco.

Each wound upon thy breast upon my own,
Sad City of my grief and my desire.

Gray wind-blown ashes, broken, toppling wall
And ruined hearth — are these thy funeral pyre?
Black desolation covering as a pall —
Is this the end — my love and my desire?

Nay! strong, undaunted, thoughtless of despair,
The Will that builded thee shall build again,
And all thy broken promise spring more fair,
Thou mighty mother of as mighty men.

Thou wilt arise, invincible! supreme!
The world to voice thy glory never tire;
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme —
Great City of my faith and my desire.

But I will see thee ever as of old!
Thy wraith of pearl, wall, minaret and spire,
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold —
Lost City of my love and my desire.

THE SEA [1]

I

THIS is my Sea, that to its circling sands
Reached dimpled hands,
Like a tired child that, lulled to slumber, lay
But yesterday.

II

Now a huge, hungry beast that from its lair
Would leap to tear
And crush and mangle and destroy its prey,
It threats today.

III

This too will cease, my Sea! cease as a dream!
But wilt thou seem
Ever again, in anger or in play,
As yesterday?

[1] The sound of the ocean on San Francisco's 'Tragic Dawn,' April 18, 1906, the date of the great earthquake, is said to have been appalling.

THE SEA'S ANSWER

I

I AM the Sea, which God's controlling hand
Holds in command.
Subservient in seeming good or ill
To work His will.

II

Or if my voice in peace or pain be heard
I speak His word;
He shapes His purpose through world-wrack or rest,
As seems Him best.

III

This globe — of His vast universe a part —
I am, *thou* art,
An atom, each, in the eternal plan
We may not scan.

EVENFALL AT THE GATE

A ROSE-SHOT purple on the sunset hills,
And skies of golden fire;
Silence that like a benediction fills
The hour, save where the lyre
Of ocean throbs, in strains that fall and rise,
Against the harbor bar;
Then dusk, and on the brow of Tamalpais
Trembles a single star.

FROM RUSSIAN HILL

NIGHT and the hill to me!
  Silence no sound that jars;
Above, of stars a sea;
  Below, a sea of stars!

Tranced in slumber's sway,
  The city at its feet.
A tang of salty spray
  Blends with the odors sweet

From garden-close and wall,
  Where the madrona stood,
And tangled chaparral,
  In the old solitude.

Here, from the Long Ago,
  Rezanov's sailors sleep;
There, the Presidio;
  Beyond, the plumèd steep;

The waters, mile on mile,
  Foam-fringed with feathery white;

The beaconed fortress isle,
And Yerba Buena's light.

O hill of Memories!
Thy scroll so closely writ
With song, that bough and breeze
And bird should utter it:

Hill of desire and dream,
Youth's visions manifold,
That still in beauty gleam
From the sweet days of old!

Ring out thy solemn tone,
O far-off Mission bell!
I keep the tryst alone
With one who loved me well.

A voice I may not hear!
Face that I may not see,
Yet know a Presence near
To watch the hour with me. . .

How stately and serene
The moon moves up the sky!

How silverly between
  The shores her footprints lie!

Peace, that no shadow mars!
  Night and the hill to me!
Below, a sea of stars!
  Above, of stars a sea!

LOMA ALTA [1]

SCARRED with the jagged wounds from ruthless hands,
Despoiled, dishonored of my fair array, —
The gold and emerald vesture of the day
When first I signaled to these virgin strands
The argosies and fleets of alien lands;
Rampart and sentinel of this my Bay,
Whose untracked waters leap in jeweled spray
And beat in melody the tawny sands!
What guerdon mine? I wait! To greet these skies —
Throned on my breast, lifting from fronded trees,
I see a templed splendor yet to be!
Whiter than Shasta's snows it shall arise,
And proud as that which shone on Pericles —
The marble dream by the Ægean Sea.

[1] Telegraph Hill, San Francisco.

ALCATRAZ [1]

A PEARL-FOAM at his feet
The waters leap and fall;
The sentry treads his beat
Upon the sun-girt wall.

Bronzed of visage, he,
Stern, resolute as fate,
Guard of the inner sea —
Grim Watcher of the Gate.

Born of some mighty throe
From earth's abysmal deep,
When, æons, long ago,
The Dragon stirred in sleep.

Yet over him, merrily,
The winds blow East, blow West;
The gulls about him fly,
The fog-king wreathes his crest.

[1] The Island Fort of San Francisco Bay.

All day, sea-melodies
  Blend with the oarsmen's stroke,
In the Fleet of the Butterflies,
  The craft of the fisher-folk.

Then boom of the sunset gun,
  The flash of the beacon-light,
Leaping, a warning sun,
  To passing ships of night,

And the fleets of all the world
  Salute him as they pass —
Viking of Seas empearled,
  The Warrior, Alcatraz.

POINT BONITA [1]

The wind blows cold and the wind blows keen,
And the dreary wintry sleet is falling;
And ever the sand-dunes, white, between
The Ocean voice is calling.

Calls with a sound that the sailor fears;
And the gulls, low-flying, hasten in,
And the bent boughs shiver in fringe of tears
While the long night hours begin.

But over the path thro' the Golden Door,
Where the troubled billows foam and flee,
Bonita's Light from its rocky shore
Shines out to the ships at sea.

[1] The lighthouse at the Golden Gate, San Francisco, California.

SANTA CLARA VALLEY

GREEN pasture-slopes with dotting trees;
  Broad garden-stretches, far and fair;
White cloud on cloud of orchard-bloom;
  A balm, a fragrance, all the air!

Whistle of blackbird, song of lark,
  Carol of linnet! — where could be
A fairer land, a land as rare,
  Thou little vale of Arcady?

CARMEL–BY–THE–SEA

Blue waves that wash a curved beach
  Of sand, like drifted snow;
Song-waves, that sing in silvery speech,
  A music soft and low.

A cloudless sun in heaven's blue sweep;
  Great stars, how near that seem!
The night an hour of sea-lulled sleep,
  The day a rosy dream.

MOUNT HAMILTON [1]

THROUGH the still darks, the searchers, from this height,
Vigil the wheeling worlds upon their course;
He, its name-giver, seeking supreme light
Beyond the stars, sought and beheld their source.

[1] Site of the Lick Observatory, named for the Reverend Laurentine Hamilton, who died in Oakland, California, in 1882.

CALIFORNIA JUBILEE POEM

Aye, but my feet are light upon the hills!
Light as the leaping deer, light as the wind,
Light as the soaring bird — for winged with joy!
And my heart sings (hearken the voice of it!)
With all my forests in the song — the streams —
And the great Sea that rims my golden shores.
Nay, from the deeps of far Creation's morn
The slumbering echoes that are never mute —
The primal throes of all the things that are —
God busy with His world in fashioning;
Through the long æon days of change on change,
God busy with His world in fashioning still.

Aye, am I glad! For is not this fair land —
Fairest of all lands, wreathed and crowned to-day
As never in the ages gone before?
Past now the days of desert solitudes,
The summits lifted lonely to the stars,

First that but knew the padded moccasin,
And then the Hero-Saint who bore the Cross
To it, with Him, the Life, the Nazarene!
And then the livid lure and dross of gold;
Then — (from a weed so ill a bloom so fair!)
Vast fields of fruit and harvest; thronging homes;
Science with searching gaze demanding truth —
And Art to add new perfectness to Art —
And greater, sweeter, dearer far than all,
Across the mighty vastnesses of sea
The living voice of human Brotherhood,
And peal of the great bell of London town,
That rang from sacred walls to speak mankind,
One heart, one home, one people and one God!

O, land of mine — my land that is so loved —
'Lift up thine eyes unto the hills' — nay, lift
Thine eyes unto the stars — make thou thy goal
As fair and great as thou art sweet and fair;
Make all of ill to die from out thy bounds
As dies the ill weed from the tended soil,
And thy fair bosom bloom as blooms the rose.
Peace brood with thee — a Dove with folded wings —

And Love thy Law as it was Christ's one Law —
Wherewith no thing of wrong can ever dwell.
So shalt thou be, white as thy Shasta's snows,
In thy divinest grace and purity
Evangel of the nations, speaking Man
God busy with his world is fashioning still.

THE CALIFORNIA YEAR

All the long summer, hill and valley wide
Crimson with roses, gold with poppies' glow;
But when the days draw near the Christmas-tide,
They clothe themselves with lilies as with snow.

BOHEMIA [1]

No lurking shadows here appear;
The weaving spider comes not here;
Here, if the solemn Owl doth sit,
'Tis but above the tapers lit,
To blink at wisdom's shining wit.
The skies are blue, the winds are fair,
Nor place nor space for tyrant care
Within thy bounds, Bohemia.

Lo! gold is much, but 'tis not all —
Too oft a lure the soul to thrall;
The subtle brain, the skillful hand,
Of melody the magic wand,
The silent songs the poets sing,
Which through the world take voice and wing,
The sparkling jest, the laughing lip,
The royal, genial fellowship —
Of these thy wealth, Bohemia.

O children of the Cloudless Clime!
Where'er the changing sands of time

[1] Written for the Bohemian Club, 1893.

Have borne ye, lo! from one and all
The voices answer, voices call!
From Seen, and from the Unseen Land,
Where, unforgot, dear comrades stand,
Lift loyal heart and loyal hand,
With love to thee, Bohemia.

THE COLONEL'S TOAST [1]

'May the Lord love us and not call for us Too Soon'

UNTO the little child whose happy heart
With dancing feet keeps merry time and tune,
When death comes, and the life-plan falls apart,
'Too soon,' we cry; 'Alas, too soon, too soon!'

To youth, the dreamer, in whose vision lies
Life, one long splendid day of splendid June,
While Love, the great enchantress, veils his eyes,
Too soon the latest summons, all too soon.

Even to the heart grown old with years and care,
Whose song of life is set to saddest rune, —
Youth's shining curls, and age's thin gray hair,
Alike the cry, 'Too soon the call, too soon!'

O Death! thou truest friend of this sad earth,
Drawing our souls as draws the tides the moon,

[1] Written for the Bohemian Club.

When shall we know thee, not as death but
birth
To that new life, which may not be too soon?

We count the vacant chairs where used to sit
Dear friends with merry jest, and laugh, and
tune,
Called hence, ah! question not the truth of it —
To us but not to them, 'Too soon, too soon!'

It must be that from some diviner sphere
Back-looking to earth's morn and night and
noon,
We yet shall say, 'Our world was fair and dear,
But loving us God might not call too soon.'

'SORROW IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER'

(Eccl. VII, 3)

To 'UNCLE' GEORGE BROMLEY

I HOLD not that sorrow than laughter
Is better for man;
The storm-clouds that darken the heavens
Than rainbows that span.
Ah! rather the skies in their shining
Than dreary with rain, —
And the heart that is lightsome in gladness
Than heavy with pain.

There are thorns in the smoothest of pathways
Enough and to spare;
No wheat-field so carefully tended
That knows not the tare;
But the harvester gathers the harvest
In the gold of its sheaves,
And the briar is forgot of the branches
In the laugh of its leaves.

Oh, welcome the face that is smiling
With kind thoughts of cheer!

The voice in its merriment ringing
The laughter-bells clear!
May their melody linger about him,
And the seed he has sown
Of joy in the heart-fields of others
Find bloom in his own.

BRET HARTE [1]

WHAT wizardry is this? What necromance?
These forest-aisles, these mountains grim and vast?
These shadowy forms and faces that advance
From out the misty past?

The old familiar faces, how they crowd!
Like ghosts returning from the farther shore!
These Beings without Being, yet endowed
With Life forevermore.

Each in my own life-weft has woven part,
Whether or grave or gay; unkempt or shorn;
This one, 'The Luck' they call him, stole my heart
The day that he was born.

With these I sat beside the camp-fire's glow
And heard, through untaught lips, old Homer tell

[1] Written for the Bret Harte Memorial Jinks of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, California; on which occasion the Jinks Room was transformed into a mining camp in the Sierras, and the chief characters in Bret Harte's works were represented by the club members.

The Tale of Troy, till with the falling snow
God's last white silence fell.

I knew the cabin in the lone ravine
Where she, the Fallen, far from mart and men,
Watched by the stricken and, unknown, made clean
Her garment's hem again.

And these, the Partners in world-storm and stress,
With faithful love, unknowing selfish aim;
The friendship pure that grew not cold nor less
Through good or evil fame.

These, too (I loved them!), reckless, debonair,
That life and fortune staked upon a cast;
The soul itself held lightly as the air,
To win or lose at last.

I tracked the mountain trail with them; the sweet
Cool smell of pines I breathed beneath the stars;
The laugh, the song I heard; the rhythmic feet
To tinkle of guitars.

I knew the Mission's fragrant garden-close,
Heavy with blooms the wind might scarcely
stir,
Its little laughing maid — Castilian rose! —
And saucy speech of her.

I knew them all — but best of all I knew
(Who in himself had something of all these)
The Man, within whose teeming fancy grew
These wondrous histories.

I see him often, with the brown hair half
Tossed from the leaning brow, the soft yet keen
Gray eyes uplifted with a tear or laugh
From the pen-pictured scene.

And hear the voice that read to me his dear
Word-children — and I listen till I seem
Back in the olden days; they are the near
And these are but a dream.

O Prince of Song and Story! Thee we claim,
The first and dearest, still our very own!
We will not yield the glory of thy name
Nor share thy laureled throne!

Altho beneath a gray and alien sky,
Across long leagues of land and leagues of wave,
We may not reach thy dust with tear and sigh,
Nor deck thy lonely grave.

AT ANCHOR [1]

Swing to the harbor from the deep of sea,
O Sail of mine, but hold the sea in sight!
These are my fronded palms, my cocoa tree,
And these the islands of my heart's delight!

My lift of emerald hills against the blue
From blue; the feathery mists of waterfalls;
The winged gems that flash the foliage through,
Filling the air with fluted madrigals.

The wash of waves upon the coral reef —
O song familiar, of the long ago! —
The lap of waves, where blade and lance and leaf,
Fringing the water's rim, are glassed below.

And here my tawny Comrades laugh, and reach
Warm hands to mine — the dear brown hands I knew —

[1] In memory of Charles Warren Stoddard, author of 'South Sea Idyls,' etc.

With glad, glad greetings in soft-voweled speech,
From hearts that have remembered and been true.

Long have I wandered, tossed by stormy tides,
Benumbed in calms — but here, how sure the sea!
Furl the worn sails — the ship at anchor rides —
Leave me with these! Leave me to these and Thee!

THE GOLD SEEKERS [1]

Long weary leagues across the treacherous plain,
Long weary leagues across the treacherous sea,
Comrades with danger, clasping hands with pain,
Pathmakers, builders of the State to be.

Boys with their school texts still upon their lips,
And stalwart men in sinewy, bearded prime,
And feeble age — on, on where sunshine drips
Its golden splendors in a golden clime.

Gold! Gold! The glittering lure that beckoned them!
Not gold, as now, of fruit on hills and plains,
Fair, fragrant, luscious, upon bough and stem —
But Gold! the metal-blood of earth's grim veins.

[1] In memory of Doctor Henry Durant, First President of the University of California.

Some, overmastered, laid them down and slept
  The sleep unwakening in a prairie-grave;
And some a restless tryst forever kept
  With Death, beneath the unrecording wave.

And some like Israel of old, the Land
  Of Promise reached, beheld and found it fair
Beyond the promise, and with greedy hand
  Gathered great riches with its greater care —

And died, and passed forgotten to the grave;
  And some, with nobler souls to think and feel
Gave back its treasures to the land which gave,
  Building the pillars of the Commonweal.

But one there came, indeed, for Gold alone!
  A gold which knew not tarnish nor alloy;
With luster bright as God's own starry zone,
  Unspoiled of time — that death might not
    destroy.

A gold he came to *seek* not, but to *give*;
  The Gold of Knowledge. From the shattered
    spoils

Of all earth's cares, ah, what alone may live
  Of man's achievements? man's unending toils?

Knowledge and Truth alone. All else is dust.
  Treasure to ransom worlds but worthless dross,
Swept by the winds, fretted of mould and rust;
  Thrones, empires, races — death, oblivion, loss.

And Knowledge is but Truth! A lighted way
  Leading to heights supreme from lowest sod;
From morning twilight to immortal day —
  From God's creation to Creation's God. . . .

Long did he labor; knew the plenteous lack
  Of that, the baser metal of man's aim —
But wearied not, nor faltered, nor turned back,
  And lo! at last fruition's glory came.

He saw the humble School-Walls widen, grow,
  And stand, proud halls upon the Berkeley hills;

The tree-crowned slopes, the fields in emerald
glow,
The throng that studious quietude that fills;

The Golden Gate by wave and sun caressed,
In outward look across the Bay's blue floor,
And from those walls into the mighty west
Fair Science beckon from her open door.

His Gold had blossomed! Ah, what more for
him
Could earth in folded days hold still con-
cealed?
Happy, he passed beyond our Planet's rim,
To where, in God, *all* Knowledge is revealed.

MEXICO

O STRANGE new world that was the old!
O strange old world that was the young!
That greeted from strange altar fires,
From strange new gods, with strange
new tongue!
Nor yet quite wholly understood —
Mysterious, magic, mystic land —
Yet answering still to lure, and thrill,
I reach my heart, I lift my hand.

Old with old story, thou, before
Cortez had given to thee the Cross;
Queen Tula sang her people free;
Sad Montezuma wept their loss.
And greater far thy tale to be
As the close pages are unfurled —
Thy golden scroll of destiny,
O wonder of the old new world!

Fair in all beauty — mountain-peak
And forest-breadth and stream and sea,
And marvel of the flowering field
And of the desert mystery,

And proud — aye, proud and strong thy sons;
  But ah! how fair the Womanhood
Within whose gentle grasp there lie
  Such wondrous potencies for good.

Thou leadest. Lead! In Freedom strong,
  Soldier of purity and peace,
Till war and strife are things that were,
  And all of ill forever cease.
For still the peerless treasure shines —
  The flowerful faces as of yore,
The pearls and gold that lured the old
  Conquistadores to thy shore.

And kindred under the same skies,
  Thy land, my land, aye, Sisters we!
The One who fashioned made us one,
  Forever bound, forever free;
And love is wide as is the earth —
  A rainbow love, from strand to strand —
O Sisters, Daughters of the sun,
  I reach my heart! I lift my hand!

LISTENING BACK

THERE are no comrade roses at my window,
No green things in the lane;
Upon the roof no sibilant soft patter —
The lullaby of rain;
Without is silence, and within is silence,
Till silence grows a pain.

Within is silence, and without is silence,
The snow is on the sill,
In snow the window wreath'd instead of roses,
And snow is very still . . .
I wonder is it singing in the grasses,
The rain, on Russian Hill?

II : From Living Waters

MY KINDRED

I GROW aweary of my kind —
  Its petty aims, its creeds
That cripple mind and soul, and blind
  The heart to truest needs;
Aweary of its blatant noise,
  Its paltry pomp and show;
Its ignorance of simpler joys
  So happier far to know.

I would be comrade to the rills,
  To robin, lark and wren —
All tenants of the vales and hills
  Afar from haunts of men;
Know note of bough, and note of bird —
  His Seers — the world-old trees!
What tome, or script, or spoken word
  Teach wisdom like to these?

I would be under God's own roof,
  With Nature's fashionings.
And watch the weave of warp and woof
  Of all delicious things;

And get acquainted with His skies,
  And the great stars therein;
His lesser Folk — the lesser Wise —
  My nearer kith and kin.

For *they* are true; they break no laws —
  Clean as in Eden-bowers —
Our kindred named as *dumb*, because
  Their language is not ours;
The humbler kind of fur and fin
  And feather, clothed as we
(With all the art that man can win)
  May never *hope* to be.

What quiet welcoming! Their ways
  Of human fear untaught,
So grateful, with the love and grace
  By man almost forgot . . .
I would go down to the deep woods
  And its still depths within,
Find in its healing solitudes
  Companionship with Kin.

MY HOUSE

Clean winds sweep over it,
Blue sky to cover it,
  The sun to give it light
  And moon and stars of night;
Jeweled the floor is,
Golden the door is,
  Hung all with 'broideries,
  Many-hued, many-wise.
Who would not covet,
Who would not love it?

I love it so —
I love it so
I would not care to know
  Another space,
  Another sphere,
  However fair,
  However dear,
  Or far or near.
Each leaf my lover is,
Each flower a fragrant bliss;

No bird that wings through it,
No voice that sings to it —
Tree-note, bird, water, all —
But holds me thrall.

Yet He who builded,
Fashioned and gilded,
Guards it and tends it,
But only lends it.
Mine for a single day —
A day and night to stay . . .
If it might be alway!

IN BLOSSOM TIME

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing —
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds —
There is none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair —
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,

That th' lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

WOOD–CALL

Into the quiet woods
Come from the glare and heat
Of the paven street!
Out of the jar and fret
And the jangling noises!
Here sweet contentment broods;
Here Nature's voices
Make Memory's self forget
The cark and care, and lull
Life's warring sounds to stillness beautiful.

In thy leaf-solitudes,
O welcoming woods,
What peace of silence broods!
The silence of soft sounds! the silken sweep
Of winds through branches deep;
The whir of wings; the squirrel's rustling leap;
The songs of birds —
Those untaught melodies too glad for words;
The water-lullabies; the speech
Of tree and leaf, each whispering to each;

The magic undefined
To heart and mind —
Come to the quiet woods —
The peaceful woods!

SONGS OF CONTENT

I

PALACES

A WALL of sod, a roof of thatch,
And naked turf the floor;
And winds, unchallenged and unbarred,
Go in and out the door;

But in the moonlight's silver net,
The great star-sentries by,
No monarch of an Eastern throne
Is fairer housed than I.

II

ORCHESTRA

THE silence of my solitude
No rippling keyboard thrills;
No thunder-peal of organ vast
My soul to worship fills;

But ah, the woodland orchestra!
And from the lark on high

The rapture of his perfect note
Is dropped from God's own sky.

III

THE ALCHEMIST

I TREAD no web of Persian looms,
No silver decks my board;
I have not silks, nor diamonds,
Nor golden mint a hoard.

But O! what treasuries are mine
Of tender touch and tone —
For Love beside the hearthstone sits,
And makes the world my own!

THE NIGHT WIND

(Song)

The night wind in its passing
  Sweeps the blossoms of the tree,
And fragrance, like a melody,
  Is wafted up to me.

I know not whence, nor whither,
  Of fragrance born, or song,
But O, but O, the memories
  Tonight that 'round me throng!

THE BIRDS

God bless that bird —
List to its caroling!
Sweeter was ever heard?
How every note of it
Full from the throat of it
Utters the Spring!

Were not a leaf —
Were not a hint of green
On field or forest seen,
That would be tint, perfume,
Fruitage and bud and bloom,
Harvest and sheaf.

Hearken, again!
Back comes the mellow strain,
Ah, the clear joy in it!
Never alloy in it,
No need of words —
All that it says and is,
Life, love, supremest bliss —
God bless the birds!

OPPORTUNITY

The morning-glory, wet with the night rain,
Swinging its sapphire bells against the pane,
  Chimes: 'Wake! The day is here!
  Wake, dreamer, to this miracle new-born —
A burst of melody and light divine
  Fair as the fair first morn
Wherein God syllabled earth's golden sphere.
  Behold thy treasure shine,
  A jewel to adorn
Eternity, from countless æons wrought!
  This gift, inestimable, which swift time
  Holds out to thee, take thou, and make
    sublime;
Tomorrow is not, yesterday is not,
  Today alone is — and today is thine!'

IN THE ORCHARD

Tent me within your cool, leaf-latticed house,
Pomegranate boughs!
A carpet, sown with blossom-rubies, spread,
A queen might tread.
Toss your pink-petal banners to the breeze,
Bloom of the almond trees;
Tide to and fro
In seas of fragrances,
Peach blow and apple-snow —
Of every blossoming thing I am a part
Since love is at my heart.

They are talking very busily, the birds,
With such soft words
And sudden just-can't-help-it bursts of song,
The nesting leaves among!
Listen, that trill and tone!
Was ever such ecstatic rapture known?
Ah, sweethearts! yet a moment pause, I pray —
I know what you say,
Since love is mine today.

HONEY-THROATS

HONEY-THROATS, upon the boughs,
  Piping all day long —
Sun-flecks in the leaves that house
  Quickened into song —

In your notes a gospel lies —
  Teach it ye to me! —
What the Maker in the skies
  Meant His world to be.

COPA DE ORO

(*California Poppy*)

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings!
Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
Regathered from the long-forgotten tombs
Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.
For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
Of this fair land: thy golden rootlets sup
Her sands of gold — of gold thy petals spun.
Her golden glory, thou! on hills and plains,
Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

THE MARIPOSA LILY

Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip, and quivering
To flight! a flower of the fields of air;
A jeweled moth; a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing
A moment resting in our happy sight;
A flower held captive by a thread so slight
Its petal-wings of broidered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir —
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning's dew?
Thou wingèd bloom! thou blossom-butterfly!

THE GREEN COVERLET

It folds all things at last. Above it breathe
The lotos-balms from lethal blossoms shaken,
That spell to sleep; but they who lie beneath
Dream not, nor ever waken.

FLOWER O' THE WORLD

Dawn on the hills, and in the quickening skies
In flooding splendor lies!
Primrose and daffodil, in shifting light,
Cresting the cresting height,
While all the silken water-ways beneath
Glow in a golden sheath.
The little wandering winds of morning pass
Along the grass,
And insect stir and whir
Begin, with rustling wings, and chirp and chirr,
And downy, drowsy bees
Dip in the nectar-deeps of blossom-seas.

Mid-sky a lark, a joy incarnate, trills;
The slopes with poppies burn;
There is a murmurous monotone of rills
That all the air with lulling music fills —
And in the velvet hollows of the hills
An emerald mist of fern.
Dawn on the hills — and sweet with its night shower
The world in flower!

CHRISTMAS ROSES

O YE laggard comers
Of the rosy summers!
Dear, delicious vagrants,
Hives of hoarded fragrance,
By what sweet dream holden
Through the golden
Days of balm and bloom, to open wide,
Wondering, dewy eyes at Christmas-tide!

Now that day grown chill is
Come the calla-lilies,
Lifting, row on row,
Hoods of scented snow —
Fit for holiest altar,
Psalm and psalter:
Vestal-nuns your courtly robes beside,
Truants of sunshine, waifs of summer-tide!

Welcome, joy's sweet keepers!
Balmy little sleepers
Through the night and noon
Of your vanished June.

Glad the sky that thrills you,
Bird that trills you!
Fairer than to bridegroom comes the bride,
O sacred roses of the Christmas-tide!

PAN

THERE'S Pan!
See — through the branches yonder!
Where has he been, I wonder,
The long, long span?
Now, listen: you will hear,
Now far, now near,
The fluting, crystal clear —
The pipes — the pipes o' Pan.

Why, only yesterday
I saw a Graybeard there;
A Graybeard, bent and old,
Under the boughs a-cold
And bleak and bare.
Now, what does that mad boy hold,
And wisely scan?
Then, lifting high in air,
With a leap and a glad hurray,
And a laugh like the song of May,
Toss — far away?
Why 'tis the Graybeard's mask!
'What does it mean?' you ask.

Why — Pan!
Just Pan!
Pan, since the world began:
Joy supernal, —
Youth eternal —
PAN!

ONLY A ROSE

Only a Rose! waif of a day is it —
So brief a thing, indeed!
Yet all the mystery of life is writ
Within it, could we read.

THE GARDEN'S STORY

Rose-bloom and lily-bloom
  Sway upon the stalk,
Swinging censers of perfume
  Down the garden-walk.

Swathed all in silver mist
  Of the moonlit night;
By the molten sunbeams kist —
  O the rapt delight!

. . . . . .

What bodes the shadow drear
  Creeping o'er the skies?
Flower of frost, or frozen tear
  On the ground that lies?

Rose-leaf and lily-leaf
  Stricken from the stem,
Wild the wide and wintry grief
  That has come to them.

RENEWAL

The sea is a molten pearl,
And pearl the fleckless sky,
The firstling leaves unfurl,
And the air is a fragrant sigh.

A bird's soft madrigal
In the pear-tree's blossoming;
High on the church-spire tall
A white dove preens her wing.

The elemental strife
Lost in a peace profound,
In sound of quickened life
That yet is scarcely sound.

One with the starry chime
Earth keeps her rhythmic beat —
Our mother, old as time
With heart still young and sweet.

FROM LIVING WATERS

Into the balm of the clover,
Into the dawn and the dew,
Come, O my poet, my lover,
Single of spirit and true!

Sweeter the song of the throstle
Shall ring from its nest in the vine,
And the lark, my beloved apostle,
Shall chant thee a gospel divine.

Ah! not to the dullard, the schemer,
I of my fullness may give,
But thou, whom the world calleth dreamer,
Drink of my fountains and live!

Art thou a-worn and a-weary,
Sick with the doubts that perplex?
Come from thy wisdom most dreary,
Less fair than the faith which it wrecks.

Not in the tomes of the sages
Lieth the word to thy need;

Truer my blossomy pages,
  Sweeter their lessons to read.

In the least one of my daisies
  Deeper a meaning is set,
Than the seers ye crown with your praises
  Have wrung from the centuries yet.

Leave them their doubt and derision:
  Lo, to the knowledge I bring,
Clingeth no dimness of vision!
  Come, O my chosen, my king!

Out from the clouds that cover,
  The night that would blind and betray,
Come, O my singer, my lover,
  Into the golden day!

III : Friends and Lovers

CALLA [1]

Her raiment was of soft white thistledown,
And two great glowing topazes her eyes,
With depths of dusk, rare as the wondrous dyes
Of Tyre, of Persia — ancient of renown.
Perfect in beauty exquisite, from crown
Of the small head to feet, that, dainty-wise,
Trod, silken-fringed and sandaled; sorceries
Of sweetness hers, that knew nor fret nor frown.
Dear mystic 'Egypt'! [2] Of how tender wile!
My little comrade of the many years,
Who filled so small a space, and left so wide!
Who won from Sorrow's self a tender smile —
Who paid back love with love that brought no tears,
And never caused a pang — until she died!

[1] A beautiful favorite Angora cat. [2] A pet name.

WITH THE CARAVAN

I

Closer the curtain. Still the sun is flame,
And the sands metal, molten!
Ah, to lie
By the cool waters, breathing
The air that lifts the palm-fronds,
Hear my garden nightingale
Sing to his roses —
Clasp *my* Rose of Roses!

II

Hasten your speed, O weary Camel-driver!
There is a catch in the bells, a lull, a drift to silence;
Night will be here,
Heavy the way,
Far lies the City —
Far!
And the Gates close, Hassan.

III

Strange was my dream mirage, of many scenes,
And in them I.

I would not greatly care
Again to dream, Hassan,
Or to my Shadow-land
Take me my Shadows:
Tho by the Prophet, man, fair foe I was,
My fights with equal odds!

IV

O my Saharan dawns,
Catching the fires at the horizon's edge
And flaming to the zenith!
My Saharan nights,
Great moons that blurred the stars —
Silver above,
Silver beneath,
A Sea of silver whose vast waves
Broke into silver foam —
And stillness — stillness — stillness, that was prayer!

V

My Mare, Hassan!
Nay, bring her — I would see,
Would feel her nostrils nuzzle to my hand.
O my Delight! my Wonderful!

Bird of the Desert! Wings of the Winds of
flight!. . .
Mind you the great simoom?
She sheltered me — tho, by the Crescent, we
Had like to be one mound.

How does the Arab love?
First, aye, the Prophet, spiritually!
His son: he transmits his name;
His bride: be sure, the last;
His Steed — I do think, Hassan,
That ranks him next the Prophet!
Dah-ma, she is your care —
Let her lack nothing, least of all — love. . .
And. . . Hassan. . . .
Not miss me overmuch.

VI

Why stilled the Camel bells, my Camel-driver?
Not stilled? the City near?. . .
Fling wide the curtains!
Lift me, that I see
The sunset blazing upon tower and dome,
Hear the muezzin from his minaret —
'A-l-l-a-h — i-l — A-l-l-a-h'. . .
Are the Gates wide, Hassan?

SAHARA

I

Leagues, leagues of blinding sand
On either hand;
A pitiless, brazen sea
Outrolling heavily
Far and away until it glimmers dim,
At the horizon's rim.
A sinking caravan,
Camel and horse and man
Spent since the day began, —
And closing on their path,
The flame-tinged air that speaks the simoom's wrath.

II

A sudden breath of balm!
The shadow of a palm
Against the sky; and then about their feet
The cool soft grasses meet;
And to their thirsting lips,
Sweeter than kisses which the Sultan sips

In the Rose Garden, when the bulbuls sing,
And moon and stars and love are listening,
The cold clear water from the well that drips.
'Allah be praised!' the Arab drops his rein,
New life in every vein:
'Allah be praised!' and bows him to the sod:
'Lo, God is God! there is no God but God!'

FELIPE

SHARP are the thorns of the cactus path —
Aye, Felipe!
But sharper still is the *madre's* wrath!
The cactus-hedge is a blossomed flame,
Red star-blooms of the heart untame —
Listen, I hear the mock-bird's song!
Felipe, Felipe,
The day is long,
Is long!

The doors are fast and the gates are barred,
Aye, Felipe!
The sky with a thousand lamps is starred.
Under the rose at the vineyard-edge
But a step to the thick of the cactus-hedge!
Listen, the ring-dove's cooing sweet!
Felipe, Felipe,
The night is fleet,
Is fleet!

PANCHO

JUST to make Pancho jealous — *ay de mi*! —
With Juan I flirted. I cared not for Juan,
Yet talked, laughed, danced with him, just but to see
My Pancho's eyes grow flame as he looked on.

Padre, it is the woman's way, you know —
And I'm but woman: *Si*, 'with fire to play.'
What would you? Could I dream 'twould madden so?
Ah, God! the fires of hell are mine today!

'Twas in the moonlight, in the garden where
The roses bloom the thickest, night half sped,
And Juan had placed a rosebud in my hair —
There was a flash of steel, and Juan lay dead.

Mary! Madonna! help Thou me this day!
Pancho I loved — him only, Mother Divine! . . .
And Juan is dead. . . O *Padre mio*, pray!
Pray for my soul, for Pancho's soul and mine!

CONCHA

Ramon grows very wise!
The fair young priest who came
When *Padre* Pedro died
From the *Padre's* home in Spain —
The sad young priest, with eyes
Of a so somber flame —
He tasks him overmuch —
Ramon, with book and text,
And I grow sorely vext,
So vext I have almost cried;
For he takes him from my side —
Mi amigo, mi Ramon,
Who is always just my own.

No need that it be so
Could I the *estudio*
Share, but — 'a Girl,' you know!
The *Padre, Padre* Miguel,
Says that 'it is not well
That Woman should be taught
As Man; that Man is the head
To lead — the Woman be led;

That that was what God meant.'
And asked how he did know
That to be God's intent,
The flame of the eyes I caught,
And he bade me 'Run away,
Im — pert — i — nent! —
Grave fault, *Conchita mia.*
Call you your mates, Maria,
Pepita and Isabel —
The *patio* — go and play.'

Which is all very well
Of the *Padre* Miguel!
He tells me that Ramon
Has the 'In — tel — li — gence.'
Es verdad! — but it was known!
(Perhaps of in — fer — ence,
Concha, that you have none.)
But I could a story tell
Of all the knowledge stored —
A bee in its honey-cell
With just such golden hoard —
In a so boyish head.
Not a bird on the wing,
Not a flower that blows,

A plant or a tree that grows;
  Nor creature of hill, or glen,
  Or marsh or fen —
All wonderful things that are
  In this world of wonder —
From the rock to the rose,
  The mote to the star —
    Are his to understand;
    And just at 'first-hand,'
  For the printed page may blunder,
But the thing itself, it knows.

  Padre Pedro said,
(Dear *Padre* — who is dead
And with the saints in Paradise!)
That 'touched of the gods' was he:
  One from the many among
    For crown or for sacrifice;
And knowledge with him to be,
  Not of the print or pen
Or a love or a language dead —
He should speak in a living tongue
    To living men.

Yet I suppose I must
To *Padre* Miguel be just!

Ramon, he make him wise —
Tho' I think he spoil him, too, —
And so mo — nop — o — lize!
(That is another word!
El Ingles, it is hard!)
And more than he were his son
He love Ramon,
And means him for the Church . . .
Now who will be left in the lurch?
Of this am I sure, at least:
He never will be *priest* —
Though whatever the rede or rood
Be strong, be true, be good!

Now, in the every day
I make a believe to play;
And my toys upon the floor —
Or with the embroidery
The Sisters lesson me,
I sit in the corridor
The *Padre's estudio* near,
And *pupilo* and *maestro* hear;
I listen, breathing low;
And I like the much they speak
The Latin and the Greek,

With the resonant roll
And majesty of tone —
Tho' better I love my own,
Mi dulce Español!
And Ramon, to pleasure me,
Steals from the starry cover
Of night, in the *patio*
And, an hour of the candlelight,
Reads me the lesson over.

Now, I have a *Memory*! . . .
Which will be worse for me
In that the day begins
When I would forget my sins!

But I make a little atone:
I work on the Altar-piece
Nor spare the stitches fine —
(Talk of the Golden Fleece! —
Whatever that was — to mine!)
For the Blessed Virgin's shrine:
No equal shall be found
In all the Missions round.
I go to the Church each day
And the many prayers I say,

Kneeling at every station,
With such a devoutness, aye!
But O, the consternation
Were a glimmer of guess that I —
Madre en cielo, I —
Am stealing an education!
If the *Padre* knew
What would he do?
And Ramon? — that hurts, you see! —
Who could never believe of me
Of a such duplicity!

. . . . . .

What is it so that thrills
When the *Padre's* voice is wed
To the great *poesia*,
Or speaks the speech called dead
But O, so lives, instead?
Or Ramon, he sings!
Or when the *Deum* fills
The Mission Church, and wills
Heart, spirit, to its spell?
Or the Great Bell
Of Mission San Gabriel,
Reverberate, glorious,

Peals out the Angelus?
I am as one with wings!
O, if could ever dwell
With me that ecstasy — awe —
Never could I be sad,
And never — never bad!

. . . . . .

At the glad matin-time,
Fragrance and sun and dew,
Ramon, with 'a little rhyme,
Concha, just made for you!'

'All the world a-flower,
And each little wind that blows
Rifles the heart of a rose!
Each little wind that blows
In the dew of the dawning flows
Faint with the breath of the rose!
The waiting woods unfold,
And my heart is a flower within,
For my love that is sweet to win,
That is sweet to hold.

'My Love, like the dawn's first gold,
The gold of the dawn's first hour;

My Love like the wildling rose
When its petals but half unclose;
My Love like the glad first note
Of springtime robin's throat;
Aye, sweeter than all things told!
And my heart is a bird within
For my Love that is sweet to win,
That is sweet to hold!'

. . . . . .

What think you the *Padre* said,
His hand upon my head
And an anxious in his tone?
'My Daughter, not too too fair!
Roseleaf on ivory,
And all this fluff of gold;
Eyes of the velvet night
And its starry light;
(Your beads, Child — have you told?)
Almost I fear for you.
Ah, Concha, have a care,
Lest Satan in his snare
Should net you unaware!'
— 'Why not *Angel*?' said Ramon.

. . . . . .

I am in of a disgrace!
  Never I mean to be
And make such shame of face —
  But the Stories they are queer
And of a puzzlement;
  And how is one to know
    And make not questioning?
I not have laugh intent,
  But make to see the clear,
    And so of *Padre* Miguel
    I ask of truth to tell,
    'If God make everything,
How he did come to make
That evil thing, the Snake
  Who tempt to the great sin?
And Adam, "*Man* and *Head*"
How so easily led,
  And shift of blame for it?
Of course, he would believe
The woman God gave him, Eve —
  Though it took the serpent's wit
The woman to deceive.
  And God, was He lenient:
For though the Gates were barred
By the Angel with the Sword —

They driven thence and whither —
They still had Paradise
And Eden took with them
So long as they went together.'

And Ramon looked on his book,
And the *Padre's* shoulders shook
As with a little chill,
(He say I make him ill!)
And he turned away his head,
Then presently he said —
'Concha, so light of lip
In matters of Holy Scrip
I may not overlook
Or cancel reckoning . . .'
And so — more penance, I!
Always I penance make!
And my heart it is to break
Because I *cannot* say
For pain and punishment
The dear prayers that I pray
In the worship and the love
To th' Mother and Saints above.
If I could only be
(*Madre*, compassion me!)

As patient and as good
As *Padre* Miguel!
But I know I never could:
It is quite impossible.

. . . . . .

To be a listener!
Si — but *that* is to learn!
But when it more concern —
And also — prisoner
That dare not run away
Lest it betray —
That make the cheek to burn:

'But she is just an *elf*,
A sprite, a dainty thing
Of light, and air, and wing,
Almost just light itself!
Why, *I* am as the night,
Padre, unto her day:
She of such purity
She may not even see
Evil, but just mistake,
That none would ever make
Could wisdom vision bring.

The speeches that perplex,
Though they may err,
They are not meant to vex; —
Childhood all questioner;
Just the clean heart of youth
That seeks always the truth.

'Mind you that mother-child —
The Indian girl, unwed —
Her lover of a wild
Tribe of the further hills
And non-convert? 'Twas said
The Church deemed best to take
"A lesser of two ills,"
The child "for its soul's sake"
Before the father claim;
Later the mother found
In the river-shallows drowned.
Pobre mi niña! how
She wept! I see her now.
And the long vigils said
To the great Mother-Maid
For the child-mother dead.
Aye, and the penance paid
Because so firm she stood

(For just in her own sight!)
That the "claim of Church was less
Than that of Motherhood."
Padre, let me confess
I thought Conchita right.

'You say I paint
An angel or a saint
Much nearer than an elf.
Perhaps . . . but yet, *herself* . . .
A Great Soul! that were fain
To take the world's all-pain,
Yet laugh and light and song
To her belong —
None ever merrier.
Such is the elf in her!
And even a butterfly —
Say that just flitting by
On dazzling wing —
A text, though trite, may bring —
Of immortality —
Of God's creative breath
Renewing Life from Death.'

Querido! Ay de mi!
All this, all this of me! —

Just of his loyalty! —
  Of me, who not one whit
  Deserve of it;
Who need the every day
Some saint for me to pray!
Concha — n-o-w, d-o-n-'t y-o-u c-r-y!
  For if Ramon should see
  He would not let you be
Till known the reason why . . .

But all think not like that —
  The nearer right, though, which?
  Juana, the dusky witch —
One of the Indian girls —
She calls me 'Little Cat,'
  And postures mockingly.
  Poor, pretty Juana! She
Has never forgiven me
  For knowing about the pearls —
  Doña Mercedes' pearls.
  And though I would not betray,
I made her place them back.

Well, there is never lack
  Of friends! not tongues to mock! . . .

When the great drought befell,
And the air was like a flame,
And like a flame the sky —
And the *ranchos* far and wide
As the Mojave is
In fiercest summertide,
And the grass and the cattle died —
And even the *zanjas* dry
The vineyard rows that fed —
The Churches called to prayer,
With much processional
And ceremonial;
And Ramon the 'angels' led;
And busy everywhere
To left side and to right,
Upon the walk, without,
Diablillos about
Just as they always are.
And even Juana in white
With crown upon her head,
While I have just the black. . . .
Somewhere along the walk —
In the whisperwise: —
'The *Padre* knows his flock!'
And then another: —

'Her father's hair,' it said,
'But her mother's heart and eyes.'

What is it of my mother?
That never her I see,
That no one speaks her name?
Sister is she, nor nun,
Yet in a cloister-cell
And never looks on the sun.
The *Padre* Pedro knew
But he would not tell.
He knew and loved her well —
And he loved me, too.
'*Niña de mis ojos,*'
Would call me, his 'Little One.'
My mother of Seville,
My father American,
And a great *Capitan*
That with the Gringos came;
My father he is dead . . .
Thus much I know of all:
But somewhere, along the years
Misty, not understood,
A tale of tears and blood,
A story of blood and tears.

I could not myself to bring
Of harm to anything
  The dear God He has made;
  Yet am I sore afraid . . .
That if Ramon should yield —
A fairer face revealed —
  Ever to work me ill —
(*Madre de Dios*, shield!)
  I know that I would kill!

. . . . . .

Perhaps it is not well
To know of *Padre* Miguel
  That which I see today;
I that so chanced to be
In branches of a tree . . .
  Not in the Church, but prone
  Upon the earth alone,
The *Padre*, and to pray.
Aye! and it was with moan
  Of a so deep agony
  As made my heart to cry
'Cristo, O pity me!'
Whose was the *pictured face*
  So wonderfully fair

Held in such wistful gaze
In a long silence there,
Then thrown far on the sand?
Turning to go, and then
Eagerly sought again?
Why did he leave of Spain
For this so heathen land?
Perhaps I understand.
Pobre Padre Miguel!
But this I will not tell,
Never to any one;
Not even to Ramon.

. . . . . .

In that still hour, when night
The stillest is, there came
Unto my window frame
Music most exquisite;
Music that seemed
Dream waking, yet that dreamed.

'Waken, Conchita,
Though at thy heart
Fair may the dream be
Fair as thou art.

'Wake, *mi querida*,
Night is for love.
Folded the day is
With shadows thereof.

'Lift with thy slumber
The dark from the skies:
Moonlight and starlight
But shine through thine eyes.

'Lips that are roses,
Waft, O my sweet,
One sigh to the lover
Who faints at thy feet.'

'Doña Concepción,
Escandalosa! Tu!'
I knew that tone:
Madre Dolores, if but she
Had not been born so old!
Madre Dolores, awesome sight
In the night garments white.
Quick! shut the window-bar;
Shut out the moon and star,
The passion throb of the guitar,

And the dear voice I knew.
I trembled with affright,
Chilled as with cold,
And wondered what she'd do
Mañana — Ay de mi!

. . . . . .

It is quaint, the little town,
But not of the loveliness
The many for it would claim —
'*Reina de los Angeles;*' [1]
Not worthy quite the name —
A saint's would have served no less.
A drowsy nestle-down
'Twixt mountain and the sea;
A river rushing free
And fierce through weeks of rain;
A slender silver skein
Threading the sandy plain
In the summer blaze again.
Low, white adobe walls
Lining the narrow street,
With windows shutter-barred;
The pavements (softly) tarred

[1] 'Queen of the Angels.'

In the long corridors
Where grateful shadow falls
In the hours of fervent heat;
And some of tile the roof,
And some just black and flat,
In winter that leak the rain,
In summer the *brea* leak.
Perhaps I do not speak
In a so-romance-vein
The picture, — but of proof
The old *Pueblo* [1] that!
And the *carretas* creak
Which the wide-horned oxen pull
Along the dusty road
With a so precious load —
The all-of-the-household-full.
The *niñas*, Mexican,
Such chubby cherubs, they! —
Bare of the limb and tan —
Motes of the sun — all day
In the wind and sun at play.
And the *caballeros* ride
All day and the night beside —
Who ride like the *Español*?

[1] Old Los Angeles.

The *Español*, no other,
Save that it be his brother —
Caballo and he one soul.

But in the *patio*, there
As a dream is it fair!
With glory of flower and vine,
Pomegranate and orange bloom,
One revel of perfume,
And tinkle and plash and fall
Of the fountain, musical,
And the air, that like a wine,
Makes of the senses thrall.
And the budded flame that glows
Where cactus walls enclose
Long lengths of vineyard rows,
With clusters of the grape,
By the hot sunshine kissed
To knots of amethyst;
And coo of mourning-doves
From the fruited groves,
And the mocking-bird, that brings
All bird-song when it sings.

. . . . . .

Poor old Polon,

The old blind Indian,
I saw in the street today,
And it took away
All beauty of earth and sky,
And made the daylight wan . . .
The matted, grizzled hair
Of the uncovered head,
Rags and the naked feet;
Staff in the hand to guide —
And defend beside —
And in the blanket-hem
Stones to throw back at them,
Muchachos, who baited him:
Thus begged his daily bread.
Never will I forget
The poor scorched eyelids, wet
And the two great tears that fell
In the dusty street,
When to the *Casa* led
And given to eat . . .
How long ago?
So long none now may know
In that he did of woe,
The *Jefe* (good and wise!)
Had burned of him the eyes!

Ah, but it tortures me!
How can cruelty teach
Cruelty to be kind?
How wrong make right a wrong?
How poor untaught Polon
Have made the soul to see
By making the eyes blind?

. . . . . .

Too much the *estudio*!
Too much the text and book!
Aye, *si*! did I not know?
But none would heed or look —
And now Ramon is ill,
And the *Padre* pray and pray
Of the good Saints their will;
And candles burn all day,
And the much of incense bring —
And the *Padre* does not sleep,
And I have seen him weep;
And as *por mi, por mi,*
What is of anything!

For the great *médico,*
In Spain who was his friend
(Who the *soldados* mend)

To the *Presidio* [1]
Padre Miguel he send.
But oh, so far away, —
And wait and wait and wait! . . .
Far to the Golden Gate
Where Yerba Buena [2] stands
Upon the sloping sands,
The bronzed, golden sands
By the San Francisco Bay.
That was that Portolá
First of the white men saw,
Seeking for Monterey,
And called it dearest name
Of any the Saints may claim, —
Bearer of gentlest part:
Francis d'Assisi, he
Saint of the Loving Heart. . . .
So much he do and give
If that to him I pray
Perhaps Ramon may live. . . .

If that the sun have shown
I have not known,

[1] Old Spanish-Mexican garrison and Government quarters near the Golden Gate.

[2] Old name of San Francisco.

So long has been the night,
But O, the light
(Pray not again to dim!)
Of star and moon and sun
Ramon bring back with him . . .
And just a happy child: —
'Though not quite reconciled
To the new Concha' — while
He smiles, more tear than smile,
And rumples so the curls.
And then: 'Of Juana's pearls
What think you? To *deceive*,
Unpardonable! — More: —
You Little-Make-Believe-
To-play, in-the-corridor,
Compute your theft the store.
Ah, Concha! Cap and gown,
And theses and degree
And prize! All these from me,
And, subtle usurer, yet
Bring me to you in debt.'

Because that on the day
When *mi muchacho* lay,
Nor knew, nor scarce of breath

Between the life and death —
And missing for that sake
All his *estudios* make —
I could not see him lose
And quick for him I choose —
And just the little bit
It need (as I make note
And copy, when he wrote),
I dare — and finish it.
The *Padre* did not know,
So all — just happen so!
But when Ramon is well
I have of truth to tell.
And *Padre* Miguel
Not quite to understand,
Not quite to give the hand
But sometimes *pull the ear*
'Because so much it hear;'
And, 'not woman's wit nor skill
But just a miracle.'
Firmly established still
The meanings, crystal clear,
Of all that God forbade.
The dear *Padre* Miguel!

Were *Padre* Pedro here,
  Who knows so many things
    Not quite of human sense
  And never wore his wings
    Too much in evidence,
He would so just been glad.
Even Juana, perhaps that she
Has tired of hating me,
  Or of a shame within
  Confessed her sin,
And wants, now, all may find
'How Concha she is kind.'

. . . . . .

Of *Padre* Pedro, *this*:
  To speak it here
When that the true it is
  Why need the fear?
Dear Saint, who love me so,
  I think in Heaven not yet
  He quite forget.
A blessing was the tone
That said, 'Concepción';
  Or, his 'Little Lonely Lamb,'
  (Because so 'lone I am!)

'That the Great Shepherd hold
The closer in his fold;'
Or the play-accents dear.
'*Niñita, chiquita mia.*'
He teach me all the good,
And O, so understood!
Yet much he laugh me too,
And make me laugh also.

Now, when Ramon
A la muerta lay,
And I the all night kneel
Beside the door and pray,
The *Padre, suddenly*
He stood by me:
The *Padre* Pedro stand
At the right hand,
Just as he was alway —
Only the face so shine —
And make the Holy Sign.
And when with joy so much
I make to touch —
Not there, not anywhere,
But all the air
A fragrance — as might dwell

In fields of asphodel. . .
And at the dawn Ramon
Come back — and bring the sun.

But when the *Padre* Miguel
I seek to tell,
  He only shook the head
  And cross the breast, and said,
'Twas but a dream.'
  Now how can that be so
    When that I do not sleep
    But all night pray and weep?
  The *Padre* say, 'a Dream!'
  I do not know —
To me not so it seem.

. . . . . .

Hard that it is to fight
  The battle waged within,
Not certain which the right,
  Not certain which to win,
    But just to seek the plan
    Nearest to God and Man.
Almost Ramon grow old
Before the year is told.

And think — he think alway.
But I the nothing say —
But see how much they walk
And always make the talk,
He and *Padre* Miguel.
Ever the *Padre* plead
The Church and its great need;
And of the Sacred Soil
That slip from the patient toil
The Mission Fathers gave —
And so the few to save.
'Aye,' said Ramon,
'All honor to them known!
Heroes and martyrs they
Of a devoted day,
And who in the summing may
Their story fitly tell?
Yet the first Mission Bell
That rang, rang, too, the knell
Of a Passing Race —
Last of its dwelling place,
Conquered and thrall —
Who built *our* Temple Wall,
Its own just the broad land
Shaped by God's hand. . .

The White Man makes his laws
  And executes them. Right!
Why? *Quien sabe?*. . . Because —
  Well, just because he's white.
The Church from the Indian
Y los demas tambien —
From the Church the American —
  All is adjusted, quite!

'But, *Padre*, 'tis new day
And new things change alway.
  However the heart may grow
  About the things we know,
    Change is the law of all.
Young eyes see far —
Nor all just visions are —
  To waken may destroy.
  I mind me of a boy
Once dreamed in Genoa:
This in the dream he saw! . . .
  Dreams, ah, what dreams still sleep
  Upon the deep
    Where the winged vessels go!
    Dreams beckon from below —
Dreams beckon overhead

Where heaven's blue depths are spread —
  The seas uncharted, where
    No pilot yet has led . . .
Padre, who may foresee
Our planet yet to be?
  Such wonders may transcend
As would seem sorcery —
  Yet are but God's great plan
  Unfolding unto man —
Leading from star to star,
Far, far, and yet afar —
  To the end — nor yet the end! . . .
    I take my place, withal:
    Poor though it be and small —
    Infinitesimal! —
    I dare not fail, or fall.'

. . . . . .

The dear *Padre* Miguel,
I learn to love him well —
  Yet grieve for him, also.
For something that he has heard
  From his Spain-friend, *el Doctor*,
  At the *Presidio* —
But never say a word;

Just shut within the door
For the so many days
And when again appears,
Bent, old, as with the years.
Was it the Picture-Face?
Ah, if I could — (not speak —)
But slip in his the hand
That he might understand
I know — a little bit —
And give him love for it.

. . . . . .

Why should so much the sad
Be always with the glad?
Such tears my heart have stirred
Though it sings like a bird!
And the dear *estudio*
What is it yet to see
In the days to be:
Ramon for, and for me
The *Padre* send, to say
A last farewell —
For that he go
To solitude; a cell
Of silence; there
To end the life in prayer.

And so must have 'the Word.'
'Remembering, Son,
Christ no divided heart
Will take; *all, not a part.*'
And poor Ramon
White with the pain he give:
'Aye, *Padre,* scan
My soul that it may live —
To Christ I give my all
In giving all to *Man.*
And to myself I must
Be true, else true and just
Can be to none: —

'I find my simple creed
Best fitted to my need;
Found not in books indeed,
Save in the Holy Writ
Where Jesus utters it.
Love, and but love alone,
The only gospel shown . . .
I cannot take the vows.
Tenant of just one House
When God's vast spaces call
Without, unto them all,

Whereto our Planet — this —
Scarcely the threshold is.
  My Church is the whole world;
  Man's heart my altar; race,
  Nation, nor dwelling-place
    Are mine — yet all are mine,
And me no barrier bars;
  My banner that unfurled
In heaven, with all its stars;
    My Master, Him Divine.'. . .

'And, perhaps, not so far
From the Altar-steps you are.
  Not all truths yet revealed.
And who infallible
Saving the God of all?'
  The *Padre* said,
After long silence held,
Walking with bended head.
  'Yet speak me, Son,
Is the world-call alone,
  There is no other one
  Of stronger tone?
Nay, I, too, once was young!
  What treasure at my shrine.

And one great gem of all —
Dazzling, imperial!
But, forward of heart and tongue,
I set myself a task —
Alas, in very deed!
For life to ponder. Aye,
Mine was the path of pain!
I bore my Cross.
Was it the greater loss
I counted greatest gain?
Ramon, in your reply
To that I ask
My answer I divine:
The truer, yours or mine?'
(Ah, *Padre*, I can read.)
'Concha, beside you here,
Speak you as God were near
Your living soul the stake
And you the choice to make —
Your Soul or Concha? Take —
Which?'
'CONCHA.'
'*Ah, my own!*
Mi vida, mi corazon!
Mi alma! mi Ramon!'

. . . . . .

Night! What a night of stars!
All heaven flings wide its bars
  And a universe looks through
  Such as I never knew.
The Moon, a great pearl, hung
  Mid-arch, from the deep blue;
Earth, like a censer, swung
  In mist of fragrances;
    And far and far away,
  The vast star-silences
    Sweep to the coming day. . .

Listen, Ramon!
The song, a rapture tone:
  Voice of a soul with wings —
  Listen, the while it sings!

There is no thing sweet as Love!
  The song of life and the flower;
  The perfect rose in bower,
The folded wings of the dove!

As a poet's thought complete,
As a flower in itself is sweet
  Though none may know thereof,
  So fair and so sweet is Love.

The bird sings, and is mute;
  The rose blooms and is gone;
The leaves fall after fruit,
  And the year is swift to run;

One thing alone lives on
When all things else are done:
  Life's Crown and the Soul thereof,
  And that — is Love!

There is no thing sweet as Love!
  The Song of Life and the flower,
  The perfect rose in bower —
The folded wings of the dove.

IV : Poet's Kin

ROSE AND THISTLE

As grows the rose
  The thistle grows —
Each to its purpose
  God He knows:
But who may deem
  The lordlier scheme —
The weed unsung,
  Or the poet's theme?

REINCARNATION

Flashed from the arc-lit crowded street
  One moment to my sight
A Face, with startled glance and fleet,
  Then passed into the night.

A moment? Centuries! for, lo,
  My feet in arid sands!
A word I knew and did not know,
  A throb of clasping hands;

Dusk eyes, a-dream in dusky lids;
  The moonlit mile on mile,
The angles of the Pyramids,
  The slow wash of the Nile!

THE DANCERS

They were so light, the little dancing feet,
The little feet, such little dancing feet!
  Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-light;
First feather-flakes of snow, that only play
  To fall, then disappear.
  Lighter than gossamer;
  Lighter than dew at dawn;
Lighter than thistle-down upon the wind,
  Or humming-bird in flight —
Poised — then a dazzling flash of jeweled light;
  Flower-fair, flower-soft, flower-sweet,
  The little dancing feet.

  The little dancing feet —
They danced to melodies of unseen flutes,
  And tinkling fairy bells,
  And far, faint throb of lutes
Attuned to finger-tips invisible.
Danced in a dreamland more than dreamland
      fair,
  Where sparkling waters sang

And leaves lisped rippling rhyme
To the bird-carillons,
And flowering grasses caught and kissed the fleet,
Light, glancing, dancing feet.

They have danced far away, the little feet,
The little dancing feet, that were so dear!
They have danced far away,
Into what hidden space
Of mist and wraith,
And haunted silences?
Alas, they do not stay —
They never, never stay!
Others will come — and go —
Dancing as airily,
Dancing as fairily,
Under as bright a blue;
But ah! whence come they, and whither go?
The little feet,
The little dancing feet,
Flower-fair, flower-soft, flower-sweet,
The little dancing feet.

A PAGE OF HERRICK

From the dust of Herrick's pages
Maytime dances down the ages,
Youth and maiden tell the old
Tale, that never quite is told;
Nods the primrose by the rill,
Tulip gay, and daffodil,
And from dusk-dewed, scented vale
Flutes the old-world nightingale.

Let the volume open lie —
Day the sweeter made thereby;
With its Maytime in the boughs,
In the lily-leaves adrowse,
In the field-lark's liquid note,
All earth's joyance in his throat —
Sing, O Herrick! Maytime lies
In thy song's eternities!

HAUNTED

THE water, lapping, lapping in the reeds!
What stood beside it in the waning moon
And gave to it the sigh and sob of tears?
The sound of tears that nevermore is still —
The water lapping, lapping in the reeds.

Was it a shadow there?
Or but the thin mist shifting in the wind
Beneath the paling moon
Of night's mid-noon?
Only the mist that like a thin white wraith,
Seen and unseen —
A white wan wraith
Beside the matted rushes of the pool
That lies below the hill?
Lies like a thing of ill,
Its slow dark waters lapping in the reeds,
With sigh and sob of tears —
With sound of tears that never can be still,
The water lapping, lapping in the reeds.

WOMAN

What were this human
World without woman?
Think — just a minute! —
Without one in it —
A Man-Eden only,
Wretched and lonely.
True, there's a story
Scarce to her glory
Therewith connected,
But 'tis suspected
Man, after all,
Was quite ready to fall!
If fault, he condoned it —
And through the years since,
Eve has atoned it.

Woman! Be honor
Ever upon her,
Whether as maiden,
Shy, beauty-laden —
Daughter, wife, sister,
Who can resist her?

Or as that other
And greater, the Mother,
Her babe — blossoms moulding
To perfect unfolding —
The home-temple guarding
To richest rewarding.

Though none be purer,
Sweeter and surer,
Avenues wider
Now open beside her.
Each day some new way!
God send the true way
She may seek ever
With earnest endeavor.
Here to the dark, a light!
Here to the wrong, the right!
There the truth sifting!
A soul, here, uplifting!
Patient, prevailing,
With purpose unfailing,
Till at Life's portal
Through Love immortal,
Supremely she stands,
The *World* in her hands.

Woman! All honor
And blessing upon her!
Knowing her truly,
Knowing her fully,
All her completeness,
Tenderness, sweetness —
Though there be times, too,
Sweet hardly rhymes to,
All of the changes
Through which she ranges,
Moods, tenses, phases,
I sing her praises.

THE BRIBE

'All These Will I Give Thee'

World plaudits!
Glamour of the tinsel crowd
In adulation! Fame, the meteor Fame,
And Youth, still golden Youth!
The price — a Soul.

Failure! — if it be failure still to hold
The Dream unbroken!
Bent, paupered, old —
The great World turned aside,
Ever unhearing, from that Voice divine.
But still, else lost, the Voice divine his own,
No accent missing,
Still each chord supreme!
Failure! — if it be failure — his to be,
The Soul's immortal Youth upon his brow,
One with the endless rapture of all Sound,
Song of all Song,
The music of the spheres —
God's Hand upon the Keys!

ALIEN

The great world has not known me,
  Nor I the world have known;
The great world will not own me
  Altho' I am her own.

I walk with her a stranger
  Who am of her a child —
A vagrant, and a ranger
  Of ways forlorn and wild.

Clear unto other vision,
  Blind ever unto me,
My soul is as a prison
  Whereof none holds the key.

My Mother-World, I wonder
  When no more of life a part —
A clod your bosom under —
  Will you take me to your heart?

WITH A WREATH OF LAUREL [1]

O WINDS, that ripple the long grass!
O winds, that kiss the jeweled sea!
Grow still and lingering as you pass
About this laurel-tree.

Great Shasta knew you in the cloud
That turbans his white brow; the sweet
Cool rivers; and the woods that bowed
Before your pinions fleet.

With meadow scents your breath is rife;
With redwood odors, and with pine:
Now pause and thrill with twofold life
Each spicy leaf I twine.

The laurel grows upon the hill
That looks across the western sea.
O wind, within the boughs be still,
O sun, shine tenderly,

[1] The placing of this wreath on Lord Byron's grave at Hucknall Torkard started an agitation out of which grew the restoration of the poet's neglected resting place.

And bird, sing soft about your nest:
I twine a wreath for other lands —
A grave! nor wife nor child has blest
With touch of loving hands.

Where eyes are closed, divine and young,
Dusked in a night no morn may break,
And hushed the poet lips that sung
The songs none else may wake:

Unfelt the venomed arrow-thrust,
Unheard the lips that hiss disgrace,
While the sad heart is dust, and dust
The beautiful, sad face!

For him I pluck the laurel crown!
It ripened in the western breeze,
Where Sausalito's hills look down
Upon the golden seas;

And sunlight lingering in its leaves
From dawn until the scarce dimmed sky
Changed to the light of stars; and waves
Sang to it constantly.

I weave, and try to weave a tone,
  A touch that, somehow, when it lies
Upon his sacred dust, alone,
  Beneath the English skies,

The sunshine of the arch it knew,
  The calm that swept its native hill,
The love that wreathed its glossy hue,
  May breathe around it still!

IMMORTALS

I: 'WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER'

Too high he soared above his multitude —
Singer of Youth immortal and of Art —
Today whose name is writ in the warm blood
Of every human heart.

II: 'COR CORDIUM'

And he, twin-soul, vibrant, pulsating still,
Voices of song made perfect, every vale
Of English soil and English tongue who thrill,
Shelley, the lark, and Keats, the nightingale.

PADEREWSKI

The stars that sang in Time's awakening,
Send each to each upon their golden round
A messenger, to hold the chords profound
Unbroken still: So David's magic string
Loosened the evil fetters of his King!
So here — from what great star, divinely crowned? —
Rapt in whose ecstasy of perfect sound
Each ivory key becomes a living thing!
Æolian murmurs of a mystic dream;
The gathering tempest's mighty thunder-roll;
A sob, a shivering sigh, just breathed, and mute;
Strife, triumph, rapture, peace of Heaven supreme —
All, all are his, the Master's — twin of soul
With Israfel, 'whose heart-strings are a lute.'

LINES

ON HEARING KELLEY'S MUSIC TO 'MACBETH'

O MELODY, what children strange are these
From thy most vast, illimitable realm?
These sounds that seize upon and overwhelm
The soul with shuddering ecstasy! Lo! here
The night is, and the deeds that make night fear;
Wild winds and waters, and the sough of trees
Tossed in the tempest; wail of spirits banned,
Wandering, unhoused of clay, in the dim land;
The incantation of the Sisters Three,
Nameless of deed and name — the mystic chords
Weird repetitions of the mystic words;
The mad, remorseful terrors of the Thane,
And bloody hands — which bloody must remain.
Last, the wild march; the battle hand to hand
Of clashing arms, in awful harmony,

Sublimely grand, and terrible as grand!
The clan-cries; the barbaric trumpetry;
And the one fateful note, that, throughout all,
Leads, follows, calls, compels, and holds in thrall.

WILLIAM KEITH, ARTIST

We read that under the far Indian skies,
The dusk magician with his magic wand
Calls from the arid and unseeded sand,
Whereon the shadowless sun's hot fervor lies,
A perfect tree before our wondering eyes:
First a green shoot uplifts a tender hand,
Then trunk and spreading foliage expand
To flower and fruit — and then it droops and dies.

But he — our wizard of the tinted brush —
In God's diviner necromancy skilled,
Gives to our vision Earth, in grandeur free!
Rose-gold of dawn, the evening's purple hush,
The Druid-woods with Nature's worship filled,
The mountains and the everlasting sea.

TO WILLIAM KEITH, ARTIST

Upon the heights beyond my reach
You drink from Art's immortal spring,
And vision dreams denied my speech,
And paint the songs I may not sing.

WITH THE LAUREL

To Edmund Clarence Stedman on his seventieth birthday, October 8, 1903

Who wears this crown — greater than kings may wear —
Is monarch of a kingdom, once possessed,
Nor foe nor fate from him may ever wrest!
Illimitable as space is, and as fair
As its illumined depths, he gathers there
All things, obedient to his high behest.
His is the sea, the valley's verdant breast,
And his the mountain-summit, lost in air.

Thought's infinite range to him no barrier bars;
His soul no boundary knows of time or space;
Bird, beast, flower, tree, to him in love belong;
Child of the earth, yet kindred to the stars,
He walks in dreams with angels face to face,
And God Himself speaks in his voice of song.

LUTHER BURBANK

O Mother Earth, how couldst thou let him go?
Thy son, whose every touch was a caress
To blossom into all of loveliness —
This gentle son of thine who loved thee so!
Who lived a gospel humblest souls but know,
And voiced his faith in deeds that live and bless.
Lo, all the treasure of thy veins were less
Than this, the gold such Alchemist may show!

Thou wert almost a heaven beyond compare
To him, wherein he witnessed everywhere
The Maker's handwork; in each path he trod
And followed with *his* labor, like to prayer,
What soul has walked within a way more fair? —
A cleaner pathway to a surer God?

UNHEEDED

As bright the dew upon the rose,
  Though no eye sees its glisten;
As sweet the song the singer sings,
  Though none may look nor listen.

What matter if the world go by
  Nor praise nor incense bringing!
Sing as the birds, God's poets, sing
  For the full joy of singing.

V : Night Watches

GOD'S GETHSEMANE

THE gods looked down upon the worlds of space,
The multitudinous worlds that to their will
Move circling, cycling, each, in rhythmic time,
One pulse the less a Universe in wreck,
The gods looked down — nor smiled — they do not smile,
Nor wept — they do not weep. Immutable,
Unto his Star appointed, each must hold
And answer to the One God, over all.

But lo! whence come these ceaseless agonies —
(Wherethro', perhaps, a sweet child treble breaks,
A thread of silver in a sable pall)
From what far Sphere the cursings, dread, despair,
The strife, the blasphemies 'gainst gods and men,
And pleadings to the gods — that will not know

Its own the power to answer and to right —
The help within before the help without —
A World in travail that must travail still.

And *He*, the One Omnipotent, Supreme,
Throbbing His life-pulse thro' the Universe,
Infinite wisdom, pity infinite: —
'These puny atoms! what know *they* of pain?'

ATOM

An Atom, formless, in the void of space,
Wherein but the One presence, All in All,
That drew me, drew me, until like a cry,
Was felt at last the pulse of my desire —
'Life! Life! O Thou that Art, give me to be!'
Æon on æon, change evolving change,
Time, time, almost that seemed eternity,
And then the Being I! the answered prayer!

The happier, wiser, greater, now than then —
Sensate to stand upon one grain of sand
Of this small sparkle of the Universe —
Keen to its measureless immensity,
With all the questionings unsatisfied?
Of what avail? An Atom, still, in space,
Wherein the Light obscurer grows, recedes —
That may not see, nor reach, nor understand.
Ah! did the Source, all-merciful, foresee,
And add to Life the greater boon Return,
And end of all?
Or is it end of all?

ONE

Light of the suns and stars of heaven,
  The sweet warm air, and the green earth sod,
And birth and death unto all are given,
  Children alike of the selfsame God.
What matters the ebony locks or flaxen,
  The skin of snow, or the skin of tan?
Indian, Afric, Mongol, Saxon —
  Within are the heart and soul of Man.

THE WATCHER

O SOLITARY watcher on the height,
What holds the world for thee, a-near or far?
Look up! there dawned for thee one blessed night
All that the soul might fill, in Bethlehem's star.

THE CHOSEN HOUR

Not when the earth, supine,
In sultry summer-shine
  Panted in tawny vesture, leonine;
    Panted amid the main
    Of billowy golden grain
  And golden-tasseled corn;
Faint with the odors, born
  Of field and fallow — waving fan and plume
    Of the hot tropic bloom,
  The lilies' luster and the roses' flame,
  The pure Redeemer came;
    Not with the argosies
    Borne on the teeming tides of harvestries,
When ripened fruits fall to the ripened sheaves,
And rainbows tangle in the drifted leaves.

Not when, the woods within,
The brown, bared boughs begin,
  Green speck on speck,
  Their nakedness to deck,
Till branch and tree glow as with emerald fire;
And one by one return the forest-choir,

Note answering note
From feathered throat to throat,
Pipe, trill, flute, carol — till full song takes wing
With budded sunshine — choruses that ring
To the glad world awakening, the glad Spring —
Came He our Lord and King.

But at earth's travail-hour!
In time of tempest-lower
And wild winds' roar,
And maddened ocean-shock
Upon the livid rock,
And drenched, drowned shore.
When from the shuddering cold
The shepherd leads his bleating flock to fold,
And all things seek release
From earth's wild tumult, came the Prince of Peace!
And from the heavens — those centuries ago —
The New Star shone upon the wastes of snow.

CHRISTMAS EVE

PEACE in thy snowy breast,
O cloud, from storms at rest!
  Peace in the winds that sleep
  Upon the deep.

Peace in the starry height:
Peace infinite
  Through all the worlds that move
  Within His love.

O all sad hearts, that be
On land or on the sea,
  God's peace with you rest light
  This Christmas night!

And with the souls that stand
In that dear land
  Where pain and all tears cease,
  Most perfect peace!

THE LOT OF CHRIST

His was the lowliest lot of all
That fell to mortal birth:
A Babe within a manger laid,
Nor gold nor treasure worth;
With feet to tread the path of pain,
But not the ways of mirth;
A Cross to bear, the thorns to wear —
The *King* of all the earth!

THE NIGHT WATCH

I

AT BETHLEHEM

SHEPHERDS, what of the night?
'Dark, dark and cold;
Snow upon field and fold,
Wind that is fierce and wild!
But over the wastes of white,
Far in the East, and far,
Rises a strange new Star;
Its lusters rest and shine
On the roof of the stabled Kine,
Where, or a dream beguiled,
Was the cry of a new-born child.'

II

AFTER CALVARY

WATCHERS, what of the night?
'Well! well! all's well!
Behold God's miracle
Of Life and Light!

Lo, *He* the Crucified,
He, for our sins who died,
  Jesus, the Holy Slain,
  Lives, lives again!
In the dawn's first glow that gleamed
We have seen Him and adored,
Our Savior, King and Lord!
He has broken the tomb's dread prison —
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! —
And the World is redeemed — redeemed!'

III

AFTER NINETEEN CENTURIES

Brothers, what of the night?
'Ah! who can say?
We seek, we watch, we pray,
But where is the light?
Still here the sin and shame —
The poor and weak down-trod;
The wrongs that have no name,
The good by evil slain!
Still here, day after day,
The blood-soaked battle-sod,
The cries of "Kill!" and "Slay!" —

The pain, the tears, the cries. . .
O thou White Son of God,
Was all the lesson vain —
In vain the Sacrifice?'

THE CRUCIFIXION, STILL

Still, still, upon the cross!
Yet is it writ that Thou,
With thorn-pierc'd brow,
Amid the jeer of mocking lips, the toss
Of mocking heads, a thief on either side,
Wert crucified:
Nailed to the awful tree —
Thy Throne of agony —
Thou, Son of God! Thy blood, thy life didst give
That we might live.

Nay, Lord, can this be so
And earth not know?
Thy star, whose fields Thy feet divine once trod
Fresh from the fields of God;
Thy natal star, whose skies
Have quickened to Thine eyes,
While thrilled through boundless space
The worlds to greet Thy face
From this, dear Lord — one of the least thereof,
Great only in Thy love.

In Thy love, only, great!
O Christ compassionate,
Pity us, deaf and blind,
Frail humankind!
Pity us, loving still —
Though all in vain
Seemeth Thy price of pain;
Pity us, loving still —
Though still with sin, and shame, and strife, and hate,
We thwart Thy will.

Still, still, upon the cross!
For lo! our every evil is a thorn
Wherewith our hands adorn
Thy bleeding brow; each brother-help denied
A spear-thrust in Thy side,
Daily betray we Thee for golden dross:
Through the long centuries
Unheeding, and still heeding not Thy cries,
So hold we Thee, O Saviour, crucified —
Still, still upon the cross.

REDEMPTION

Most fair is Earth!
This side sweet Heaven, I think, no thing more fair
Than the still face
She turns to her white sisterhood of space —
The milky blossoms of the fields of air.
Ermined, or in rich guise
Of rainbow draperies,
And emerald crowned, and mystical — with wide
Flowing cloud-gossamer veiled, as is a bride —
Wondrous and beautiful beyond compare.

Most glad is Earth!
No sweeter sounds — save those the angels hear —
Ring through the clear
And vast expanse of ether, than the voices
Wherein my Earth rejoices.
Rustle of leaves and trees,
And water-lullabies,

And song of bird, untaught, and free, and wild,
And lisp and laughter of the little child,
And, all glad things above,
The thought, and speech, and heart of perfect love.

Most sad is Earth!
So sad, the face her sisters look upon
Is pale and wan —
Is wan and pale with memory of the Sin
Whence Sorrow entered in;
Through which sweet questioning, and sweet reply,
And love's sweet laughter die —
And jar and jangle of the wrong and pain
Clash in her sweet refrain,
And discord all the strain.

Most blest is Earth!
The gleaming pathway through the heavens spread,
That angels tread,
Thick sown with stars as is her breast with flowers
By April showers,

Holds none so blest! — because of One who
came
To burden all the blame,
And turn aside
The curse of sin and death — in that He died.
Most blest is Earth
Of all the Word gave birth —
In that her God so loved her that He gave
His SON to save!

LIFE'S PURPOSE

LIFE is not ours to shame, not ours for play,
Not ours in idle ease to dream away;
But ours for whatsoever work God sends,
For faithful service unto noble ends.

LUCIFER

The World sweeps by! It is the end of Time!
Nay, not the end, for Time can have no end:
A cycle of the illimitable chain
That makes the circle of Eternity.
It is the Day foretold: that Judgment Day!
Mountains have melted and the seas exhaled;
The Word, respoken, healed the Universe,
And, perfected, the Golden Globe swings on.
See, how the great hills marshal their white peaks!
The forests lift their plumes! fields laugh to flower!
And the vast waters of the firmament
Pour back the mighty seas, void of their dead!
'Tis Earth reborn; Eden re-blossoming;
Life conquering Death — a new Dawn quickening Space.

I, only — I, who am that Lucifer —
'Star of the Morning,' once — once Lucifer,
'Of all God's sons bright and most beautiful' —
I, vanquished, lost, without His Heaven stand,

Without the Earth He framed, and named so
fair;
That golden Earth into its orbit swung
Beheld beside Him in Creation's morn —
I, Lucifer, who knew its perfect ways,
The Serpent I, within that Paradise
By me deflowered, through me outcast and lost.
But yet I failed! O blessed that I failed!
In that *He* failed not in the love that gave
The Love that died to save! Joy, that I failed!
The one sole joy illuminating all
The deeps on deeps of my supremest Hell.
For this I thank Thee, Father! — that I failed.

And I — that *He* bow down and worship me
My Kingdom offered — I! my Kingdom, I,
The arch-usurper! — never Kingdom mine,
But His, ten-million-fold! His, who redeemed,
And right of Love, All King, All Conqueror!

Now to my bondage! Bound a thousand years!
Fit Thou the sin with juster punishment!
Make it the æons — freedom nevermore.
And what the bonds? Chains, fetters, gyves
and gyres?

Walls that unclose not, and the weight of worlds?
Ah, lighter these than breath of Eden-air!
Than petals of its roses softer far!
The least slight cry of Thy least creature, God,
Voicing its pain, outweighs, outbinds them all —
Bonds not the hosts of all Thy heaven could break.

Yet — grant me one last ray of my lost Star —
My Star! my Star! my Star, Thou God, *my Star*! —
Before the darkness whelm and cover me.
Stand forth, my Angels and Archangels, mine,
Once glorious host, so fallen, so wronged through me —
Yet not so wronged as I by Lucifer,
Mad with the supreme crime, the lust of power.
Mercy, Jehovah! Mercy, Thou, for these!
Their pardon — mine alone the punishment!
Is there an anguish deeper? make it mine! . . .
Aye! — unto this I bow, this last, supreme —
His tender smile! *His* love — my Brother, *Christ*!

ECCE HOMO

As the sands beneath the seas
  And the sands beside,
And the sands of the desert lands
  Over the wastes of earth —
If thus were the seed of man,
  The quick and the dead —
Yet stands there One alone,
  Sole and incomparable,
    The Christ.
And were He only man,
  Human and not Divine,
Still were He God, indeed;
  And were He surely God,
    Omnipotent, supreme,
Still were He no less Man.

HOPE

Fairer than any flower
  Of summer's hour,
Sweeter than any love —
  Ay, sweet in truth!
Of her what shall be said?
  Hope, that is dead!
Fair Hope that garlanded,
Fair Hope, that led and fed
  The dreams of youth.

What song is sweet enough
  To sing of her?
What murmur of the dove,
What cooing note thereof
To breathe the memories
  That cling of her?
Hope, brave and strong,
Hope, sweeter than all song,
What song is sweet enough
  To sing of her?

How weary are the ways
  Unto our feet!

O lagging length of days
  That once were fleet!
O barren of all grace,
  Life that she made so sweet!

Hidden from moon and star
She that was fairer far
  To look upon!
Not where the roses are,
But where slow waters sweep
  To the great deep;
Where only shadows wan,
And rain may fall thereon,
But never the warm sun.

'HOPE DEFERRED'

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Proverbs, XIII, 12

WHERE is the perfect Vision
  The years have watched to see?
Why do the footsteps falter
  That should be swift to me?
Days, days, and days of waiting,
  And days that linger still
Till the heart aches to breaking —
  And Night is on the Hill.

Where, while I listen, listen
  Thro hours that go and come
And silences unbroken,
  The Voice that yet is dumb?
The one Voice that could bring me,
  Triumphant, rapturous, clear —
O God! O God! — the message
  My soul is sick to hear!

I CANNOT COUNT MY LIFE A LOSS

I CANNOT count my life a loss,
With all its length of evil days.
I hold them only as the dross
About its gold, whose worth outweighs:
For each and all I give Him praise.

For, drawing nearer to the brink
That leadeth down to final rest,
I see with clearer eyes, I think,
And much that vexed me and oppressed,
Have learned was right, and just, and best.

So though I may but dimly guess
Its far intent, this gift of His
I honor; nor would know the less
One sorrow, or in pain or bliss
Have other than it was and is.

PEACE

Love, poised for ready flight,
Ruddy as morning light,
  Bright and as brief his stay;
Hope with alluring wing
Fair as the flowers of spring,
  Fleeting as they.

Joy, with elusive gleam,
Flitting o'er life's dull stream,
  Swift as the tides that run:
Flower that a day endures,
False flight the foot that lures,
Gain that no heart secures,
  Lost soon as found!

Thou only, calm of mien,
Waitest, with brow serene,
  Soft pinions furled in rest;
Fair as thy lilies are,
Shining, a fixed star,
  Blessing and blest.

Me in thy still arms lull,
Presence most beautiful!
  Captive my soul, release,
On thy breast undefiled,
Safe from life's tempests wild,
Fold me, a weary child,
  Angel of Peace.

AFTER THE BATTLES

The dead are beneath the sod,
And the flowers above them blooming;
The birds are singing again,
And the bees in the clover humming.

The skies are a glory above
In the dawn, and the sunset flushes.
And the wind a lullaby croon
Of a mother, her babe that hushes.

For Earth is a patient Earth,
And pardon is quick to win her —
But the heart of her child, of Man,
Is a quenchless flame within her.

'THEY SHALL BE SATISFIED'

Once, in a dream, I saw the Saviour's face!
That Face within its aureole of Light,
Star, moon and sun, forever, to all night —
And in its glance such tenderness and grace,
That straightway all my travail fled from me:
Bruised, broken, prostrate, hopeless, unfaithed, all
Life's burden, that had weighed me to my fall;
For I had walked my soul's Gethsemane
Defeated, where He soared to victory.
I saw His Face! Throughout the rise and set
Of the eternal suns can I forget?
No question further where was all reply,
Nor ever further need to satisfy —
And ah, what blessing, where had been what curse!
He filled my soul, as He the universe —
He was the Understanding, infinite,
And O, the Peace, dear Christ, the Peace of it!

ON A FLY-LEAF OF OMAR

Poet-Astronomer, who night by night
God's star-page scanned, yet failed to read aright,
Where throughout space His alphabet of suns
Spells Life, in inextinguishable light!

For not, if cycling Time might blot the whole
Of that vast scheme from the illumined scroll,
The Worlds, incalculable, to rayless void,
Could cease of Man the imperishable Soul.

O finite mind that would the infinite
To challenge seek, and measure! Piteous plight!
How happier the bird of lightest wing,
That soars and trusts the Teacher of its flight!

An empty glass upon a broken shrine,
What matters it? the quaffed or unquaffed wine?
See the clear goblet with what nectar brimmed
From fountains inexhaustible, divine!

VI : Love and Death

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

God made the world and found it 'good.'
  An Angel Him beside
Wept softly, and, to question, said,
  'For what Thou hast denied.'

'And that?' God asked him tenderly,
  'What is the lack thereof?'
'Its Soul' — the Angel made reply,
  And God created Love.

TOMORROW IS TOO FAR AWAY

Tomorrow is too far away!
A bed of spice the garden is,
Nor bud nor blossom that we miss;
The roses tremble on the stem,
The violets and anemones:
Why should we wait to gather them?
Their bloom and balm are ours today,
Tomorrow — who can say?

Tomorrow is too far away.
Why should we slight the joy complete,
The flower open at our feet?
For us today the robin sings,
His curvèd flight the swallow wings,
For us the happy moments stay.
Stay yet, nor leave us all too fleet!
For life is sweet, and youth is sweet,
And love — ah, love is sweet today,
Tomorrow — who can say?

BE HAPPY, HAPPY, LITTLE MAID

Be happy, happy, little maid,
  Under the rose in blossom!
Whitely flutter its petals down
  Over thy whiter bosom.

Beauty and sunshine thine today
  With never thought of sorrow. . .
As glad a day, as fair a sky,
  Be thine upon the morrow!

LOVE'S WORTH

I DID not seek for Love, Love came to me. . .
But now that Love is mine I would not give
One lightest breath of it for all earth, sea,
Air — *Heaven*, might hold! Not that my soul
might live!

LOVE'S AGE

'Love is so old,' I said, 'no more
  Of him be said or sung'. . .
But since Love entered at my door —
  Love how forever young!

'ONE LITTLE SONG'

For you 'one little song to sing
That deep within your heart
May live, a sweet and sacred thing
From all the world apart.'

A song? — the rhythmic rapture of
A passion that endures! —
And one, alone, for you? Ah, Love,
When all my songs are yours!

LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
whither art thou sailing,
Threading past the ships of night
upon the ether-tide?
'I follow him within whose breast
Love's fire tempestuous rages:
I follow him, my Lord the Sun
to claim me as his bride.'

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
forever unavailing!
East or West, or dawn or dusk,
thy quest must be denied.
'Nay! nay! though space be infinite,
and infinite the ages,
I follow him, my King, the Sun,
whatever me betide.'

IF I HAVE NEVER LOVED BEFORE

If I have never loved before,
  Yet love I now, indeed!
My lover's will is as the wind
  Wherein I am the reed.

Yet know I well how firm and fair
  The wind's soft wooings are —
True as unto the day the sun,
  Unto the night the star.

WITH A LA FRANCE ROSE

For a love with a light that can fashion
A glory that knows not eclipse,
What voice, when its uttermost passion
Sets of silence the seal on the lips?

Lo, here on the leaves of this blossom
Behold it, in symbol and sign,
And I send it, a throb from my bosom,
Beloved, to thine!

LOST LOVE

SONG

Love that came in with the morning
  Is fled with the night!
    Whither away?
      Whither away?
Gone with nor word, with nor warning,
    O lost, my Delight!

Into what soul-cleft or hollow
  Art vanished from sight,
    Out of the day,
      Out of the day?
Where the feet of my dreams may not follow,
    O lost, my Delight!

The joy, Love, the song and the laughter
  Take wing with thy flight,
    Forever and aye,
      Forever and aye,
Where life, where not death may come after,
    Lost, lost, my Delight!

NO MORE

Nay, then, what can be done
When love is flown,
  When love has passed away?
  Sit in the twilight gray,
Thinking how near he was,
Thinking how dear he was,
  That is no more, today!

How can the day be fair
Love may not share?
  How day go by,
Hearing no fond words said,
With no dear kisses shed —
O, how can love be dead,
  And yet not I!

THE SHADOWED ROOM

I KNOW a shadowed room
  Whereto none enters;
I know a heart wherein
  No joy-light centers.
Room and heart alike are cold,
    Old, cold and old.

Once light was tenant there,
  Gladness was a part;
Once a young rose in bloom
  With warmth, the heart.
But that was long, aye! long ago!
    So long ago!

THE UNSOLVABLE

What use the questioning? this thing we are:
A breath called life, housed for a little space
In how infinitesimal a star; —
Then vanished, leaving neither sound nor
trace.

ALL

An hour to live — to be!
To laugh, to weep, to sigh!
An hour to love, alas! —
And then to die.

Why take one thought of care
For aught 'twixt birth and death,
When all is compassed in
So brief a breath?

THE FUNERAL

The music was such discord, all,
The flowers they stifled so!
He spoke of One on Calvary
Long centuries ago!

The hope, the faith, my grief denied,
The prayers the preacher said. . .
What could they mean to me, Beloved,
Beside You, lying dead!

ALONE

The night comes on with a hint of tears,
The in-borne fog with the in-borne tide;
And the last faint crimson disappears
Where the sunset glory died.

And the wet blue hills in the mist are lost,
The skies grow gray in the daylight-wane,
And the waning moon, like a wan, white ghost,
Looks in at the window-pane;

A phantom light in the shifting wind,
A wandering specter of the sky —
As one, of all the stars un-kinned,
Apart and lone as I.

ACROSS THE CHASM

To feel your arms about me,
  To see your living face,
Of all within God's giving
  This were supremest grace!

To be again together
  As in long years ago,
Were all, were all of Heaven
  My soul would ask to know.

BESIDE THE DEAD

It must be sweet, O thou, my dead, to lie
With hands that folded are from every task;
Sealed with the seal of the great mystery,
The lips that nothing answer, nothing ask.
The lifelong struggle ended; ended quite
The weariness of patience, and of pain,
And the eyes closed to open not again
On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.
It must be sweet to slumber and forget;
To have the poor tired heart so still at last:
Done with all yearning, done with all regret,
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all forever past:
Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet —
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet!

RETURN

I HAD been dead so many years —
And I had missed you so.
I thought in heaven there were no tears,
But ah, their weary flow!
And when at last the joy-word came,
An hour to wander back,
My spirit flashed, a living flame,
Along that mystic track.

I sped the pathway of the stars
And the abyss of night;
Past all space-barriers and bars
I winged my eager flight;
I found you, Love! O bitter day!
You had remembered not!
Farther than life itself away —
My very name forgot.

PASSED

(H. C.)

WHERE in the unknown way,
  Sister, now stands
Thy soul — who yesterday
  With us joined hands?

Where lies thy land unseen,
  O Warden Death?
With just a touch between,
  A pulse, a breath —

Yet with what barrier barred?
  That gulf profound
Which sleepless sentries guard
  From sight and sound!

Never to human cries
  Has answer come
Through all the centuries.
  Relentless, dumb

To prayer, to tear, to moan —
  Each one, to learn,

Must walk that path, alone,
  Nor backward turn.

Not she, our friend, may tell,
  Just swiftly passed;
The law immutable
  Holds her as fast

As Egypt's old Pharaoh —
  A mummy, dun,
A thousand years ago,
  Beneath the sun.

Thus to earth-sense is seen
  Death, as we look
On its still face, serene —
  Life's sealèd book;

Yet, as to each the Day
  Comes with that call,
Who of us dare to say
  That this is all?

We feel that somewhere, bright,
  An answer lies;

That past each bitter night,
A dawn must rise;

That, as the soul of man
Came unto Earth,
In the eternal plan
Must be re-birth

To a diviner sphere . . .
Sister and friend,
Held in our hearts so dear,
Not this the end.

Lo! we shall follow thee,
Seek thee, and find!
Joy of the life to be
Who has divined?

Come, white-winged messenger,
God's heavenly dove,
Faith — with thy message clear,
To weeping love.

A MEETING

WITHIN that nameless realm where Dead meet Dead
I met that one through whom my life was banned,
Who gave for love fierce hate.
So wan the eyes, reflecting eyes as wan,
I reached my hand to clasp the outstretched hand
And touched — but icy air!
'Alas!' I said: 'Alas! Alas! poor shade!'
And he: 'Alas! Alas! poor shade!' he said.

ROBIN

Robin sang a song for me
Once upon a day,
Never throat of Robin piped
Bonnier roundelay!

Robin built a home for him
In the apple-boughs;
There with wife and family
Kept he merry house.

But *my* Robin, overseas,
Where is song of his?
When that golden rapture breaks
The long silences?

O my lonely walls, no more
Glorious with sound!
Broken roof and rafter, mine,
Prone upon the ground!

What to me the nested tree,
Linnet, lark and wren?
Song that with my Robin dies
Never wakes again!

CAME TO MY SIDE

CAME to my side one whom I mourned as Dead,
In the lone night watch — and about his brow
Was light of suns I knew not . . . 'Nay,' he said,
'Look up, beloved! I never lived till now.'

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying —
  When not any wind that blows,
  Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
  Close above me as you pass,
  You will say, 'How kind she was,'
  You will say, 'How true she was,'
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom —
  While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
  Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
  Sweet small voices, odorous,
  Tender pleaders in my cause,
  That shall speak me as I was —
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow

Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: 'Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was' —
When the grass grows over me!

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Books by

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

CHARLES F. LUMMIS was a native New-Englander and a graduate of Harvard. Some fifty years ago he walked to California, lived for years in an Indian pueblo, rode the Southwest from side to side and explored it with a keen and understanding heart. He founded The Landmarks Club, the Southwest Museum, and the Sequoya League, and was knighted by the King of Spain for his researches in Spanish-American history. Americanist, author, and explorer, his contribution to the Southwest has been significant.

'Flowers of Our Lost Romance,' completed only a few days before his death, is filled with unforgettable pictures of the West. The chapter headings include: Pioneer Transportation in America, The Virginal Mule-Tamer, The Trail of the Serpent, Indelible Spain, When the Stones Come to Life, and The Last of the Troubadors.

'A Bronco Pegasus,' a compilation of his best poetry, reveals Dr. Lummis as a story-teller with a gift of rhyme. The *Los Angeles Times* finds the volume 'a rich and glorious treat. For the spirit of the man — and such a man! — shines through it.'

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